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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME III

MARCH-APRIL · 1915

NUMBER 2

However Far Thou Mayst Travel

By STEPHAN G. STEPHANSSON

Translated from the Icelandic by LEE M. HOLLANDER

*However far thou mayst travel,
Wherever on earth thou mayst fare,
Thy spirit, thy heart within thee
The stamp of thy homeland will bear:
Born by volcanoes and th' Arctic,
Bred near geyser and shore,
Raised 'neath glaciers and heather,
Taught in out-skerries by the oar.*

*Wherever on earth or in heaven,
Restless, may wander thy mind,
Decked with bright hills and waters,
The land of thy dreams thou shalt find;
And from eternities' ocean
Thy island belov'd will arise,
Nightless, worlds without ending,
As far views flash on thy eyes.*

*'Tis the fair isle of Iceland
Which ever thy mind dwells upon!
With blossoms are covered all boulders,
Each snow-mountain gleams in the sun—
Born by volcanoes and th' Arctic,
Bred near geyser and shore,
Raised 'neath glaciers and heather,
Taught in out-skerries by the oar.*



CHRISTIAN X

GUSTAF V

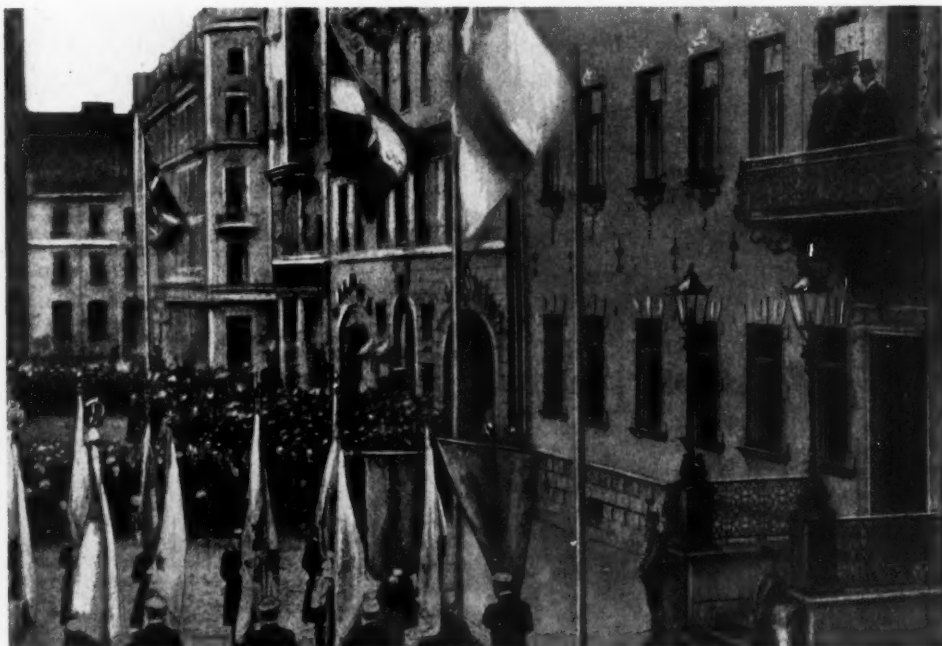
HAAKON VII

The Three Kings at Malmö

"The meeting was inaugurated Friday, December 18, with a speech by King Gustaf, in which the king, laying stress on the unanimous purpose of the three Northern kingdoms to maintain their neutrality, expressed the desirability of continued cooperation for the protection of common interests. The king explained that he had invited the monarchs of Denmark and Norway to a conference, moved by a sense of responsibility for the present and for posterity to leave nothing undone that might contribute to the welfare of the three nations. King Gustaf's speech was responded to by King Haakon and King Christian, who both expressed their sincere joy at the initiative taken by King Gustaf and their hope that the meeting would have good and beneficent results for the three nations. The meeting closed on the afternoon of December 19. The conferences of the kings and the foreign ministers have not only served to strengthen still more the existing excellent relations of the three Northern kingdoms, but in the course of the negotiations an agreement has been reached concerning the particular problems which have been brought up for consideration by one or the other. Furthermore, it has been decided to continue the cooperation so auspiciously begun, and to this end, when circumstances give occasion, to arrange further meetings of the representatives of the three governments."

THE above is the text of the official communication issued by the foreign departments of the Scandinavian countries after the meeting of the three Kings—Gustaf V of Sweden, Christian X of Denmark, and Haakon VII of Norway—held at Malmö by invitation of the Swedish monarch. While the details of the agreement have not been made public, the purpose of the meeting is clearly indicated in the invitation of King Gustaf as being, first, to cement the already existing cordial relations and the common neutrality policy of the three countries, and, secondly, to discuss the means of dealing with the economic difficulties that have arisen during the present war. The seriousness of these practical problems is shown by the fact that the kings were accompanied by their foreign ministers—Knut Wallenberg for Sweden, Erik Scavenius for Denmark, and Chr. Ihlen for Norway, and it may be noted in this connection that the foreign ministers in Norway and Sweden are both business men of extensive interests.

At the beginning of the war the three Scandinavian countries, according to an agreement that has existed since the time of the Crimean War, issued similarly worded declarations of neutrality. These were followed, on November 13, by similar notes from the three kingdoms to all the belligerent powers, protesting against the infringement of the rights of neutrals, such as the laying of mines



THE THREE KINGS RECEIVING THE STUDENT SINGERS

in the common highways of the ocean without regard for the safety of peaceful navigators; the infringement of the inalienable right of neutral people to follow these common highways by prescribing certain routes and forcing them to enter certain harbors; the extension of the term contraband to include a disproportionate number of articles; the application of the "continued voyage" theory, and the visitation and seizure of neutral vessels without regard to the regulations that have been commonly maintained for centuries. The discussion of economic problems at Malmö no doubt dealt with the establishment of a common policy in all the contingencies arising from the war.

Important as are these practical considerations, the moral effect of the royal meeting is of even greater moment. The King of Sweden, who last year placed himself above all political parties by appealing directly to the whole people of Sweden to strengthen the defenses of the fatherland, has this year, through his personal initiative, inaugurated the broad and far-sighted policy of Scandinavian cooperation, and by his tact and dignity carried the meeting to a successful close. The generous response of the kings of Denmark and Norway, who chose the Swedish city as a meeting-place, and the general satisfaction expressed throughout all three countries, show that the time was ripe for the policy which has begun so auspiciously.

The little town of Malmö did its utmost to entertain worthily the "three royal brothers," as they were called in recognition of their relationship, King Gustaf being the first cousin of the mother of the other two. A thrill went through the populace when the three tall figures stood side by side on the balcony of the Governor's Mansion to receive the Student Singers. This greeting in song was particularly appropriate when it is remembered that the students of the three countries have kept alive the feeling of Scandinavian kinship at a time when it seemed a dead factor in politics. It was to an assembly of students of the three countries that King Oscar I in 1856 spoke, at Drottningholm, his memorable words: "Hereafter war among the Scandinavian brother peoples will be an impossibility."

Malmö is full of memories connected with the history of Scandinavia. The region once belonged to Denmark, and on the marketplace is the statue of King Karl X Gustaf, who attempted unsuccessfully to make the three countries one by conquest. The Governor's Mansion, where the recent meeting took place, was the scene of the death of Karl XV, the great Scandinavian enthusiast, of whom it has been said that his heart broke when the prudent counsels of his ministers prevented him from rushing at the head of his troops to a defense of the Danes in their last war against German aggression.

The Future of Iceland

By GUDMUNDUR MAGNÚSSON

Written for the *Review* and Translated from the Author's Manuscript

IN ORDER to understand the life and character of a nation, it is necessary first to glance at the climatic conditions by which it has been molded. From the name Iceland we might naturally expect a very cold and severe climate. The name, however, is one of the unfortunate features of Iceland, a name which has been fastened upon it carelessly by some brutal viking in ancient times and which does not in the least express the real conditions. It is true that Iceland lies north of the southern boundary of the Arctic ice region, but as a rule the Gulf Stream, which splits and encircles the country, is strong enough to keep the drift-ice a considerable distance to the north of the island. It happens in some years that the ice strikes the coast and settles in the fjords and bays; it may even surround the entire island. As a rule, however, the mass of drifting ice is carried along the eastern coast of Greenland and covers the western half of the sea between the two countries.

Although Iceland has not an Arctic climate, it is near enough to the main current of drifting ice to be greatly influenced by it, especially in the summer, when the masses of ice that have gathered during the foregoing winter are carried southward by the stream. As a consequence, the winters of Iceland are very mild, while the summers are comparatively cold, and the difference in temperature is too slight. In the year 1912 the mean temperature in the southern part of the island was 39.4° Fahrenheit for the entire year, and only 48.9° for the four summer months. Moreover, the masses of vapor which constantly rise from the Atlantic Ocean are carried in over the country summer and winter, in such masses that the sun cannot penetrate them, and cloudy and windy weather is very frequent. In 1912 the southern districts had 230 days with rain or snow, and of these only twenty-five days were snowy, the rest were rainy. In addition, there were eighteen foggy days. In the northern districts there is more often clear weather.

This cold, raw climate has greatly influenced the land and the people. There are hardly any forests, for in such a climate only the dwarf birch will thrive, and even this is sparse. The greater part of the country has very little vegetation; it is mountainous, with deserts of lava or drifting sand, and with large stretches covered by eternal snow. The rock formations in the mountains are of very soft and porous stone, such as basalt, dolomites and tufa, which crumble easily under the influence of the atmosphere, and in this way the sides of

the mountains are covered with gravel, which is forever sliding down and is poorly adapted for vegetation. Generally speaking, therefore, it is only a small part of the country, chiefly regions along the coasts and in the river valleys, which is inhabitable by human beings. This sunless and raw weather has also influenced the character of the people, by dampening all initiative and producing a tendency to melancholy, which is apparent in all their thought and action, and is mirrored in their literature.

Iceland has now been inhabited for more than a thousand years, and it would be natural to expect that there might be some relics of former days. This, however, is not the case. The traces of ancient buildings are almost obliterated. The oldest existing structure in the country, the cathedral at Hólar, in the northern part of the island, last year celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. There are a few other buildings from the eighteenth century, but none of older date. The explanation is that people in former times always built of stone and sod with driftwood, the stone being only small, uncut bits of rock, and these building materials have not been able to withstand the moisture of the atmosphere. Each generation has therefore built its own homestead from the foundation up. It will readily be seen how much labor has thus been squandered in the course of the ages.

These sod houses have never been desirable for human dwellings, being dark, and damp, and difficult to keep clean, but they have gradually developed a very characteristic appearance, and one cannot see them pass away without a sense of regret. The old homesteads usually consisted of a number of small houses covered with sod, a series of neat wooden gables forming the front. At a distance they appeared very inviting, and with their thick sod walls they were usually very warm. They are now being replaced by dwellings of imported timber, covered on the outside with corrugated iron to keep out the moisture. Houses of cement and concrete are also coming into use in the interior, but experience has not yet shown whether they are practical. The timber houses are not much more lasting than the old sod houses, and the Icelandic gray stone (dolomite) is too soft and porous to withstand the moisture. Our greatest hope is therefore in the making of cement as the building material of the future. There is no clay suitable for brick in the whole island.

Agriculture and fishing are the two main industries of the country. In former times agriculture was practically the only pursuit, and fishing—with small rowboats—was pursued only as a side issue by the farmers. At present, however, only fifty-one per cent. of the population live by agriculture. Farming is practised about as it has been for the last thousand years. The cultivation of the soil is usually confined to a yard around the house, which, however, is con-

stantly being extended. The cultivation of outlying fields consists solely in the irrigation or draining of the meadows for hay. Potatoes and various kinds of cabbage are grown for domestic use. Grain will not ripen.

The stock consists of sheep, cattle and horses, and it is from these that the farmer derives his chief income. During the brief summer it is important to gather as much hay as possible in order to keep these animals alive, and if the weather is unfavorable it is sometimes a difficult task. The people on the farms often show an almost superhuman strength and endurance in utilizing the few fair summer days, and there is always a dearth of farmhands.

In some parts of the country the production of butter has increased very much, and a new market has been opened in the country of our great neighbor, England. Young Icelandic horses have also in the last few years been very much in demand and have become an important article of export.

Our fisheries have increased considerably during the past generation, until they now produce two-thirds of the wealth of the country. One hundred years ago Iceland did not possess a decked vessel; in 1912 fishing was carried on by one hundred and thirty-five fairly large decked vessels and twenty-three steamers, besides a number of motor and rowboats. Most of the fish is salted and dried and then sent to the Mediterranean countries, but some of the steamers sell it fresh to England. The Icelandic trawler fleet is new and modern, and has been fortunate in winning large sums from the rich fishing banks in the course of a few years.

The most urgent want of Iceland at present is modern means of transportation, such as railroads. With a population of 87,000, scattered over a mountainous and watery area of 100,000 square kilometers, it may be readily understood that to relieve this want has been beyond the strength of the Icelanders. Practically the entire traffic is carried on by sea, with the aid of Danish, Norwegian, and to some extent of Icelandic steamers. Small trading-posts have been built along the entire coast line, and some of these have grown to cities of a few thousand inhabitants.

The fact that the route of traffic lies outside of the country instead of within it has had the fatal effect of drawing the population from the fertile lands of the interior down to the barren coast, where life pulsates more rapidly, but where the inhabitants easily sink into poverty and misery while the grassy plains of the upland are lying fallow. A railroad would effect a radical change; trading-posts would be built along the main route, and from them the surrounding land would be brought under cultivation in ever-increasing circles, and thus form a more solid basis for the wealth of the country. The

question of the railroad is becoming more and more urgent in the politics of Iceland.

In spite of all difficulties, and in spite of the fact that many things among us are still in their beginning, it may be said that Iceland is advancing very rapidly. It is not more than forty years since we were given power over our own affairs, and in this period wonders have been accomplished. Forty years ago the income of the nation was 300,000 *kroner* during the fiscal year (two years); it is now 3,000,000 *kroner*. Important roads and iron bridges have been constructed and a telegraph line of 5,000 kilometers has been put up. Not only agriculture and fishing, but art, science and popular education have advanced; the banks circulate an annual sum of fifty or sixty million *kroner*, and our national wealth has increased from 40,000,000 *kroner* to twice that amount. Trade and transportation have also been doubled. The growth of general prosperity among people both in the country and in the towns is evidenced by the fact that more than thirty savings-banks have been established, with deposits amounting to 3,000,000 *kroner* and a capital of 1,500,000 *kroner*. Since 1875, when the Constitution of Iceland went into operation, the nation has accumulated a reserve fund of 1,500,000 *kroner*.

It must also be remembered what enormous tasks are to be solved by this little nation. It is true that we have no military conscription and no expenses for army or navy, but we inhabit a large country, and it is our duty to introduce into it the benefits of modern civilization as rapidly as possible. One of the most imperative tasks before us is that of girdling our 8,000 kilometer coast with lighthouses and buoys, in order to make navigation more safe. The greater part of this work is already completed. We must also survey the country and make maps of it, and this labor has been going on for ten years, though it will probably take another decade before it is finished. The heaviest expense in this connection is, however, borne by the Danes. The improvement of our harbors and the survey of some difficult passages have also cost considerable sums, and at present we are at work upon two new harbors, one of which, at Reykjavik, is to cost 1,500,000 *kroner*. In the present year the first Icelandic steamship line has been started, with a capital of 1,200,000 *kroner*, the greater part of which has been subscribed in Iceland, though some has been subscribed among Icelanders in Canada and the northern part of the United States.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century Iceland was the victim of terrible calamities, due firstly to a plague among the cattle, and secondly to two consecutive eruptions of volcanoes (Hecla in 1766, and Skaptá in 1783), followed by a famine which destroyed one-fifth of the population and one-half of the cattle. At the beginning

of the nineteenth century, therefore, the entire population was only 39,000, but at the end of the century it had increased to 85,000, in spite of the fact that 30,000 persons had emigrated to America.

The literature of Iceland, which bloomed so richly in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, has never been entirely silenced. Poetry has flourished in all times, and there is hardly any period of our history which is not represented by fairly good skalds. Last year we celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Hallgrímur Pjetursson. He was the greatest and most spiritual hymn-writer that Iceland has produced, and his memory was honored by thanksgiving services in all the churches of Iceland on the first Sunday in Lent.

It is in the course of the last century, however, that the literature of Iceland has bloomed as never before. A very considerable literary activity in all fields has grown up in a comparatively short time, and has sufficed to carry the name of Iceland far out over the great ocean which surrounds the island.

Hitherto all our higher intellectual life has been nourished from the Danish university, but on June 17, 1911, the centenary of the birth of Iceland's great champion of liberty, Jón Sigurdsson, an Icelandic university was established in Reykjavik. This institution is yet in its infancy and has not even a roof over its head, but in the future it will surely become a firm center for the intellectual life of Iceland and, perhaps, also an important link in the educational development of the North.

In spite of her poverty, Iceland is one of the most beautiful countries of the world. The scenery combines a wild grandeur with ingratiating charm in an infinite variety of characteristic landscapes. The mountain formations are majestic and powerful in outline, showing traces of the volcanic forces which are still active in some places. The large cupola-shaped mountains, which rise like Oriental temples from the ocean or the level plain, their tops covered with perpetual snow, are very impressive. To this must be added a wealth of mighty and beautiful waterfalls, great lakes, steaming springs, and craters still warm. The view is usually wide and open, and the play of colors fascinating, especially in the fair, mild summer nights. The air is clear, healthy, and invigorating, streaming alternately from the wide sea and from the snow-covered mountains. This natural beauty attracts many tourists to the country, and large ocean steamers, filled with travelers, visit it several times each summer. Owing to the lack of transportation facilities, most of them must be content with seeing the coasts. When we get railroads, modern hotels and other conveniences, Iceland will, no doubt, become a popular tourist country.

Iceland has many possibilities for a fair future.



In the Nightless Summers



THE EIDER-DUCK

The famous eider-down, as light as air, is taken from the nest of the eider-duck. Three times the bird will pluck its own breast to make a soft bed for its young, and twice it is robbed by human hands, but the third time it is left in peace.

THE EDITORS ARE INDEBTED TO MR. SVEINN BJÖRNSSON FOR THESE PICTURES WITH DESCRIPTIVE MATTER. MR. BJÖRNSSON, WHO IS AN ATTORNEY AT REYKJAVIK AND A MEMBER OF THE ALTHING, VISITED NEW YORK LAST AUTUMN ON A MISSION FOR THE ICELANDIC GOVERNMENT. IN THE FREIGHTER "HERMOD" HE CARRIED A LARGE SUPPLY OF DRIED FISH, WHICH WAS SOLD HERE, AND FOR THE PURCHASE MONEY HE BOUGHT A LOAD OF GRAIN. THE WAR, WHICH MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE ICELANDERS TO GET THEIR SUPPLIES FROM EUROPE, NECESSITATED THIS VOYAGE OF THE "HERMOD," SAID TO BE THE FIRST ICELANDIC SHIP TO VISIT AMERICA SINCE THE DAYS OF LEIF THE LUCKY.



ROBBING THE NEST

Through centuries of protection, the eider-ducks have become quite tame.



THE HAYMAKERS

Women often take part in the work of haying, and are as proficient as the men.





AN ICELANDIC FARMER ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE

Horses form a large part of the wealth of the Icelandic farmers, who depend on them as the only means of traveling.



AN ICELANDIC FARM

On a summer evening the cows are finding their own way home to the milking-place in the court.



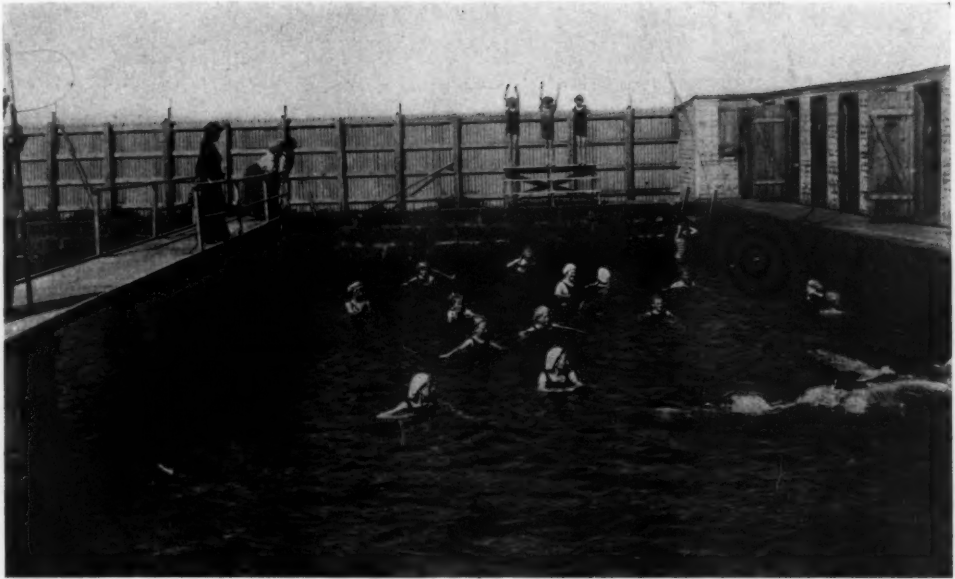
SORTING THE SHEEP

In the spring the sheep are taken to the mountains to graze all summer, and in the autumn they are all driven into large folds, where each farmer picks out his own animals by means of marks on their ears and horns.



BRINGING HOME THE HAY

These figures are not giant porcupines; they are Icelandic horses, each carrying two bundles of hay of from eighty to one hundred kilos in weight.



THE WARM BATHS

Near the city of Reykjavik are the municipal baths, where the basin is filled partly from a warm spring, partly from a brook, so that an even temperature is maintained all the year around.



PREACHING TO THE LEPERS

In the lepers' asylum at Laugarnes, near Reykjavik, the minister, wearing the garb of his office, is preaching to an attentive audience.

The Tale of Helgi Hundingsbane

Translated from the Old Norse and Compounded from the First and Second
Lays of Helgi Hundingsbane by ARTHUR GILCHRIST BRODEUR

The poems about Helgi Hundingsbane constitute one of the three heroic cycles of the Elder Edda, the other two dealing with Wayland the Smith and the Volsungs. In reading the Old Norse original we feel regret that Wagner, who went back to the Volsung cycle in search of material for his "Ring," did not also make the loves of Helgi and Sigrún the theme of an opera. The translation presented here is published partly in the hope that some poet or musician may catch a little of the dramatic import and intense lyric beauty of the original and be inspired to recreate the story in modern form. In all literature there are few erotic passages so intense as those describing the love of Sigrún, which was strong enough to bring Helgi back from the dead. The primitive passion of those verses may be compared with the mourning of Deidre over her fallen lover in the old Irish saga.

Although the poems have come to us in Icelandic manuscript, it is far from certain that they were composed on the island. Sophus Bugge believed that they originated in the British Isles, and Professor Finnur Jónsson assigns the first Helgi lay to Norway, at a time not later than 950 A.D., the second to Greenland at about 1025.

The story opens with an account of the birth and youth of Helgi Sigmundsson, and his feud with Hundingr, whom he slays. After the battle the Valkyr Sigrún appears to him and asks him to deliver her from Hothbroddr, to whom she has been betrothed against her will. Helgi sails with an army to Hothbroddr's land, and after a hard conflict is victorious. This ends the first version. The second tells about the same story, and then goes on to describe the union of Helgi with Sigrún, and the hero's death at the hands of his bride's sole surviving brother, Dagr. Dagr tells his sister what he has done; she reproaches him bitterly, but at last consents to a reconciliation. Helgi comes back from the dead to visit his disconsolate bride, but is forced to return to Valhalla before day. The next evening Sigrún awaits him in vain, and before long she dies of grief.

Neither version presents the entire story of Helgi as it was known among the people in Iceland and Norway; indeed, each is incomplete without the incidents contained in the other, and a translation of only one account would be hopelessly inadequate. The translator has therefore fused the two versions, selecting incidents and even speeches from that version which presented the passage most effectively, but he has added nothing that is not in the original. Since a considerable part of "Helga Kritha Hundingsbana" is in prose, Mr. Brodeur has chosen to treat the story as a whole in that form, keeping in verse only the Mourning of Sigrún and the Return of Helgi.

AT THE dawn of the world the eagles screamed, the holy waters surged down from the sky-fells: in that time was born of Borghild Helgi the High-hearted, in the land of Bralund. For Sigmund, the King, had Borghild to wife, and Helgi clept they their son; Hagall fostered him: It was night in the house, when to the birth came the Norns, they that fashioned the fate of the prince; they bade him be foremost of folk-kings and best of all builders of peoples. Strongly twisted they the strands of fate, while castles and strongholds fell in Bralund; they combed out the golden threads and fastened them midmost under the moon-hall. East and West the ends spread out; to the King was given the land between them. Far to the northward Neri's daughter threw one firm strand, and bade it hold fast there forever. One thing only brought late grief to the folk of the Ylfings, and to the maid that bore the love-sprung child.

And raven spoke to raven: one sat hollow-bellied on a high tree and quoth to his fellow: "I know of a marvel: there stands in birnie Sigmund's son, born but a day ere this dawning. Sharp are his eyes, like the eyes of a warrior; he will be a friend to the wolf—we also shall rejoice in him!" And all the King's household deemed him full kingly; they said among men that a good year was come. Moreover, the King came forth, even himself, from the battle-din, to bring glorious gifts to his son. He gave him *Helgi* for a name, and gifted him with lands: Ringstead, Sunfell, Victory-Heights; the High Town, and the level Sky-Meads, and a blood-biting sword forged for Sinfiotli's brave brother.

Well did he grow before them that loved him, a hero wondrously born in the light of delight; he gave richly of gold to his faithful ones, spared not as King the blood-stained hoard. There was at that time a mighty King, Hunding: for him is Hundland named; he was a valiant battle-king, and had many sons who went often on land-wastings. Unpeace and hatred abode between King Hunding and Sigmund, and each killed the other's kinsmen. But the prince tarried scant space to seek the strife, no more than the term of his fifteenth winter. He dealt hard strokes to Hunding, when he had ruled the lands longer, and the thanes of them: he struck down Hunding dead before him, and from this men called him Helgi Hundingsbane.

Then the sons of Hunding required wealth and many rings of Sigmund's son, for that they needs must requite the King for pillage and for the slaying of their father. Yet the prince would not give blood-payment, nor grant the kin of the dead a were-geld; but bade them look for the great gray storm of spears and the anger of Odin. So the Kings fared forth to the meeting of swords, and took their stand at the Lowe-fells; that day broke the peace of Frothi in the meeting of foes; the corpse-greedy hounds of Odin overran all the island. The prince sat him down 'neath the Eagle's Crag, when he

had overthrown Alf and Eyolf, Hiorvarth and Hervarth, and had slain all the house of the spear-strong.

There was then a famous King whom men called Granmarr, that dwelt at Svarinshaug; he had many sons: the eldest of these hight Hothbrodd, the second Guthmund, the third Starkad. Hothbrodd betrothed unto him Sigrun, daughter of Hogni, in council of the assembled kings. But when she learned of that, she rode with the Valkyrs through air and over sea to find Helgi, who was then at Lowe-fells, having fought mightily with the sons of Hunding. Suddenly a great glow broke over Lowe-fells, and out of the glow came sharp lightnings down about the men, gleaming red on their faces under their high helms on the Sky-plain; their birnies werelaced with blood, and the gleaming rays stood playing on the spear-points. And the maid came forth from out the wolf-wood; right soon the prince bespake the Southern maid, and besought her to fare home with the host that night-tide. (Loud twang the bow-strings!) But from her horse the daughter of Hogni answered (soon ceased the clash of the shield-rims): "Other errands have we, methinks, than to taste the table-cheer of the ring-giving prince." For Sigrun sought the glad hero; she came down to win home to the arms of Helgi; she kissed the King 'neath his helmet, and greeted him gladly. And a great longing for the maid came upon him. She spake not against her heart; she besought the love of Helgi that it might be hers, for with her whole soul had she loved the great son of Sigmund, even ere she had seen him. "My father betrothed his maid to the grim son of Granmarr, and so do I hold King Hothbrodd to husband: fearless he is as any son of Kott. But the King will come in a few nights' space, unless thou call him out to the meeting of death, and deliver thy maid from the fearless lord."

Then Helgi comforted her, saying: "Fear not thou the slayer of Isung! Sooner by far will we try our might on each other, he and I, than that thou shouldest follow a worthless wastling. Loud will be the clash of the combat, unless first I be dead."

"Before all the folk, oh my prince," quoth Sigrun, "was I betrothed unto Hothbrodd; but I yearned for another, even thyself. Yet fear I greatly the wrath of my kinsfolk, for I have broken the cherished wish of my father." "Heed not thou," answered Helgi, "the wrath of Hogni, nor any ill-will of thy kinsmen; for me shalt thou live, fair young maid: thou hast not a race, oh lovely one, that I can fear."

He sent messengers thence, that almighty one, over land and over sea, to call together the armies, and to proffer the plenteous stream-glowing gold to the hardy warriors and their sons. "Bid them swiftly go up to the ships and bid them be boune from Burnt-isle!"

From thence the decreer awaited them, till there were come thither hundreds of heroes, many hundreds together, from Hedin's Isle.

And now straightway out from the Ness of Ships glided the brave galleys, well-built and made fair with gold. Then asked Helgi of Hiorleif: "Hast thou spied upon the fearless King?" And the young King said to that other: "Hard will it be to tell all the tale of the long-beaked ships off Troney, that float under the warriors that went from without into Arrow-sound. They were twelve hundreds of true men; yet in High-town is the King's host greater by half: I have hope of a battle!"

Then the ship-captains struck their tents, that the hosts of the free-handed lord might watch, and the princes see the first dawn-break; and the captains furled up to the mast the broad sails on Varinsfjord. The noise of oars uprose, and the clanging of iron; shield rang on shield; swift rowed the vikings; wave-ripping, the fleet of the King raced on 'neath the feet of the princes, far out from the land. Such was the sound to the ears, when the wave-crests and the long-keels came together, as when a cliff is crunched by the hungry teeth of the surging sea. Helgi bade hoist up the top-sails on high; no fear of the foam-fells chilled the men's hearts, though the Daughter of Aegir dreadfully sought to destroy the wooden-tailed sea-horse of Helgi.

And lo! Sigrun, fearless, above them, sheltering them and their ship; and the wave-leaping keel of the King wrenched itself mightily from the clutch of the Sea-Goddess, bounding free over the sea-way to Gnipalund.

So at last at the evening the fair-built fleet lay in Calm-waters; but now come the sworders of Svarinshaug, with hostile thoughts, to spy on the host. Then out spake Guthmund (he was the shore-watch, who could well answer with biting tongue, and bandy words with the Athelings): "What prince is he who steers his host hither, and leads the fierce forayers up to our land? Who is he who flings out his gold-gleaming war-banners wide over the stern?" And Sinfiotli answered him (high hung his red shield on a spar: of gold was its glittering rim): "Tell ye this tale at eve-tide, when ye go to give food to the swine, and drive your tykes to their milk-swill: We be Ylfings, come hither to Gnipalund out of the East, lusting for sword-strokes. Now shall Hothbrodd match him with Helgi the flight-hater in the midst of the ships. To Helgi is given the holding of thy race; the heritage of the fish is his kingdom; the sea pays him tribute. Lo, he has many a time sated the eagles what time thou wast kissing the maids at the churn."

"Little thou wottest, Chieftain," answered Guthmund, "of the wisdom-runes, thou who fillest thy cheeks with false speech of the Athelings. Thou has fed fat on the victual of wolves; with a wolf's

mouth didst thou become the slayer of thy brother, and oft with cool lips didst suck his wounds; then loathed of all creatures creptst into thy foul den. Much the sooner for this shall the smiting swords deal doom between us at Frekastein. Oh Hothbrodd! the time is come to seek vengeance, though long we have drawn the shorter lot." Sinfiotli quoth: "First, O Guthmund, lead the goats to their grass, and climb with the flocks the steep cliff-sides; thou art blither to hold a hazel-crook in thine hand than to abide the judgment of the sword."

Then out spake Helgi: "It befits thee better, Sinfiotli, to cry the host out to battle and gladden the eagles, than to deal in unseemly words, even though princes share hatred between them. I think not well of the sons of Granmarr, yet is it fitting that princes speak what is true; well did they show at Moinsheim that they are minded to swing the sword; very valiant are they among chieftains." Then they let loose the steeds with all speed to Sólheimar; mightily lept they over the dewy dales and through the dark glens of the mountains; the misty moor trembled beneath them, wheresoever the sons of battle rode. The chieftains met the Prince in the gate of the court; they revealed that the hostile lords were come.

Without stood Hothbrodd, with his helm upon him; he saw his kinsmen ride up: "Whence come," he cried, "these bitter looks on the face of the Niflungs?" And one answered him, saying: "The swift keels are drawn up on the sandy shore, stags of the sea; long are the oars, many the shields and the shaven oars, stately the hosts of the Princes, and glad are the Ylfings. Fifteen peoples press up to the land; yet out on the Sognfirth bide still seven thousands. In the sea-gate before Gnipalund lie the black hulls of the surf-deer, beautiful with gold; there is their host by much the thickest, for no longer will Helgi delay the gathering of the swords."

Then spake Hothbrodd: "Let speed the bitted steeds now to Godthing; Melnir and Mylnir fly to Mirkwood; let Spornvitnir gallop to Sparinsheath; let no man dare to sit slothful who hears the tale of the flashing battle-flames! Summon ye Hogni and the sons of Ring; Atli and Yngvi, Alf the Old! And they who are glad to cry the troops on to battle; let them come now to withstand the Volsungs!"

Ah! that was a battle, when the fallow arrows flew at Frekastein; and ever was Helgi the Bane of Hunding first of the war-folk where heroes battled, foremost in the fray, little recking of flight; hard was the heart of the Prince in its red flesh-husk. But now from the heavens fly down the white-helmeted ones (loud and louder the spears ring)—they who shielded the Warrior; and while the wound-dealers flew downward, the giantess-ridden wolves ate of the spoil of the raven; and loudly cried Sigrun: "Sound-skinned and hale, O Prince of the People, shalt thou yet joy in the feasting; hale, O offspring of Yngvi, shalt thou taste of the joy of thy life, thou who hast felled

the flight-hating princes, and given them the death of the fearless. And well, O King, shalt become thee the rings of red gold and the stately maid, Hogni's daughter, and the broad fields of Ring shall rejoice thee in peace; yea, the lands and the victory!" Thus the fight ended. And there had fallen all Granmarr's sons and all their war-earls, save only Dag, Hogni's son; he received peace, and swore oaths to the Volsungs. Sigrun went in among the slain and found Hothbrodd when death was come upon him. She said to him: "Never, O Hothbrodd the King, will Sigrun of Sevafells lie in thine arms; life is gone from the sons of Granmarr, the great gray wolves draw near to the corpses."

Then she found Helgi, and was filled with gladness. But he said: "Not all things are given thee, O Valkyr! Yet, methinks, the Norns have somewhat in store. There fell in the morn at Frekastein thy brother Bragi and Hogni, thy father; I was their slayer. On the earth lie thy kinsmen, the mightiest of all men, become dead flesh; the slaughter availed thee little, for it was thy woeful doom to be a cause of strife among mighty warriors." Then Sigrun wept, but he said to her: "Comfort thee, Sigrun! The battle rests with us; by fate the princes fell." And Sigrun answered: "Fain would I have alive all that are now no more, if I might still lie in thy bosom."

Helgi wedded Sigrun, and they two had sons; nor was Helgi yet old. Dag, Hogni's son, made many blood-offerings to Odin that his father might be avenged; and Odin lent him his spear. Dag found Helgi, his sister's husband, in the place that is called Fetterwood; he thrust him through with the spear, and Helgi fell dead. But Dag rode to Sevafells and told these tidings to Sigrun:

*"Dark, O my sister, the day I grieve thee;
Unwilling I sadden the soul of my kinswoman:
He fell in the morning in Fetterwood
Who was first in the world and foremost of princes
And stood on the necks of the sea-kings."*

And Sigrun answered:

*"Be all the rows vipers to gnaw thee—
Oaths forsworn of thy faith to Helgi:
Sworn by the sparkling stream of Leipt-water
And the sea-cold stone of Uth.
May the ship that glides beneath thee glide not,
Though a seaward breeze stretch out her sail!
May the steed stop still that strides beneath thee,
Though the following foeman force thee to flight!
Let it bite not, that brand thou bearest above thee,
Save to sing the Hel-song of thyself!"*

*"Then wilt thou dree the death of Helgi,
A wolf in the wold without the world,
Lost to sweet life and robbed of loving—
Fail thee all meat save moldering corpse-flesh!"*

Then spake Dag:

*"Wisdom thou wantest, wild-witted sister,
Thy brother to ban with bitter curses;
Blame thou on Odin alone the evil,
For he between kinsfolk cast runes of hate.*

*"A ransom thy brother bids thee of red rings;
All Vandilsve and the dale of Vig;
Have half the land to heal thy grieving,
O ring-fair bride! for thy realm and thy sons'."*

But Sigrun said:

*"So happy I find not the Fells of Seva
At late-night or dawn, that I love my life in them,—
Yet come but the light-kissed King's host hither,
And let his battle-black steed bear him to me,
(His gold-bitted steed) I will welcome my lord.*

*"So frightened Helgi, the host of his war-foes,
Yea, all his foes and the friends of his haters,
Even as the wolf frights the fleet-footed wild-goats,
And they flee down the fell full of fear.*

*"So high he stood o'er the heads of princes
As the shapely ash o'ertops the thorn,
Or as the dew-sprinkled stag of the deer-folk,
That bears his head high o'er all the beast-people,
And his horns gleam aloft to the heavens!"*

A mound was made over Helgi; and the maid-servant of Sigrun went in the evening near to the mound, and saw Helgi ride to the mound, with many men. The maid cried out:

*"Is this a false dream, that I see the dead,
Or Ragnarok, for dead men ride;—
For ye strike the spurs to your steeds,—
Or is home-faring given to Helgi?"*

Helgi answered:

*"No sight of a dream, which ye see in your thinking,—
Nor the bale-fire of worlds, though ye behold us,—
Though the dead strike spurs to their steeds!—
Nor is home-faring granted to Helgi."*

The maid turned her homeward, and said to Sigrun:

*"Go out, Sigrun, from Seva-fells!
If ye list to meet the lord of the war-host:
Wide gapes the grave-heap; hither comes Helgi;
Blood wells from the wound-trace; the war-lord bids thee
Staunch the sore spoil of the sword!"*

Sigrun went to the mound where Helgi awaited, and spake:

*"Fain am I now of finding thee
As the hungry-bellied hawks of Odin
(Who well know the slain) yearn for warm flesh,
Or the dew-bright world yearns for dawn.
Now will I kiss my lifeless King
Ere he does his bloody birnie from him;
Thick is thy hair, O Helgi! with hoar-frost;
With loathsome corpse-dew my lord is sprinkled,—
Sea-cold are thine hands, stepson of Hogni:
How, O my king! shall I find help for this?"*

And he answered her:

*"Let the blame be Sigrun's of Seva-fells,
That Helgi drips of the dew of battle!
Thou weepest, bright-hued one! bitter tears,
O sun-bright South maid! A-nights ere thou sleepest:
Each tear falls blood on the breast of thy husband,—
Sea-cold, cold-scalding, sorrow-laden.*

*"Well should we drink the draughts of heaven-mead,
Though lands we have lost and sweetness of loving;
Let, then, no man mourn me with weeping,
Though he see on my bosom the spear-path.
—But now are our brides beneath the closed earth-door,
The wives of the heroes here with the departed."*

And Sigrun let make ready a bed in the grave-mound:

*"I have built thee, O Helgi! a bed well-shapen,
Free from all sorrow, son of the Ylfings!
I will rest on thy bosom, O best-beloved,
As I would were my lord in life!"*

Helgi answered her:

*"Now will I never more be joyless
Early or late in the Fells of Love,
Since now thou sleepest in the arms of the sword-slain
Here in the Grave-heap, dear daughter of Hogni!
And thou quick in life, O Kingly-born!"*

*"'Tis time that I ride the reddening sky-road,—
The fallow steed must tread the flight-path;
My way lies west o'er the bridge of the wind-helm,
Ere the heaven-housed heroes awake!"*

Helgi and his rode their ways, but the women went home to the house. On the eve of the morrow Sigrun bade her maid keep watch at the mound; but at day-setting came Sigrun to the death-mound, and she said:

*"Now were he come, if he willed to come,
Sigmund's son, from the sky-halls of Odin:
Gray grows my hope of the hero's home-faring,
For now the eagle sits on the ash-limb
And all folk drift to the dream-thing."*

And the maid said to her: "Be not so mad, O Beloved of the Mighty, to go alone to the house of the dead; for now night is come the ghost-battles grow stronger than in the glittering day."

Sigrun waxed short of days, with mourning and grief. It was held true in the elder time that men were born again; but now is this called an old wives' tale. Yet say men that Helgi and Sigrun were born again: he was then Helgi of the kin of Haddings, and she Kara, the daughter of Halfdan, as is told in the Lay of Kara; and she was a Valkyr.



Einar Jónsson

THE STATE OF ICELAND HAS MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO HAVE THE WORKS OF EINAR JÓNSSON BROUGHT TO REYKJAVIK AND WILL BUILD A MUSEUM FOR THEM IN THAT CITY IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY BELONG TO HIS OWN PEOPLE IN PERPETUITY. EINAR JÓNSSON'S FAME HAS EXTENDED BEYOND ICELAND AND SCANDINAVIA, AND THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HAS PUBLISHED A SKETCH OF HIS MONUMENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA AS THE FIRST EMPRESS OF INDIA. THE EDITORS OF THE "REVIEW" HAVE ASKED EINAR JÓNSSON FOR PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE SOME OF HIS WORKS, AND THE LETTER RECEIVED IN REPLY WAS SO PREGNANT WITH MEANING, AND SO COMPREHENSIVE IN ITS BRIEFNESS, THAT WE FELT NO ARTICLE BY ANOTHER PERSON COULD BE SO INTIMATELY REVEALING OF THE MAN'S CHARACTER AND PURPOSE. WE THEREFORE GIVE IT BELOW IN A TRANSLATION FROM THE DANISH.

By EINAR JÓNSSON

OF MYSELF the most important thing to say is that I was born in 1874 here in Iceland, and from the time I began to think for myself I wanted nothing but to go my own ways, but a little later I saw also, that I must respect other people's ways; for I realized that if I did not respect the ways of others, I would get no joy from my own. I saw then that these two things were necessary for an artist.

Art has been my great chastener and the bitterest scourge which such an unruly nature as mine needed. To be one thing as a man and another as an artist, that I quickly realized was impossible, for then both the artist and his work would be false. To run away from my art would be possible, but to be different from it, so long as I am creating it, that I cannot imagine. Therefore, if I wish to create that which I love—that which is good in one way or another—then I see the necessity of reaching the same as a man. Unfortunately, it is hard for me and others to follow our ideals, but before we reach them we cannot attain to the heights of art.

I wish that all may go their own ways, all find their own, each after his temperament. I go mine, and reap praise and blame, but I take both with equanimity. Money I do not reap, but so long as I can get fourteen *kroner* a month to pay for my little room, I am happy, and no one is likely to die of starvation in our somewhat chilly but glorious Iceland.

The State of Iceland has granted me a little sum of money to have my things moved home—all the works that I have made in the course of time. At present they are all hidden away in Copenhagen, but I cannot afford to pay storage on them any longer. All that is



By Einar Jónsson

STATUE OF INGOLF, THE FIRST
NORWEGIAN WHO SETTLED
ICELAND, ABOUT 874

not sold becomes the property of the State of Iceland on the condition that my countrymen provide a museum. Here comes the difficulty, however; there is no building, and it may be a year or perhaps ten years before one can be erected. It is not easy to be an artist in a poor country, which has really not the money to build a museum. Yet I am glad that my works are to be taken home, even if they must have their modest abode for a time in the cases in which they are packed. I should, of course, be pleased to have some of my works sold abroad, not for the money, but because I wish others besides my countrymen to see them. It is because I go my own ways that I do not sell my works, and after my death Iceland will certainly not sell them.

It is strange to see how artists are bound together in their activity. In my opinion, nothing is more dangerous to art than tradition. I have lived in Italy, Hungary, Austria, Bavaria, Germany, England, and Denmark, and have seen various art collections in these countries. Always I have seen the same, the ghastly tradition and routine which rules them all, and which spreads like a death-bringing slime over all young art. Only those—or almost only those—who follow the beaten tracks receive authorization. Only what is known before is bought, and against that there is nothing to say, for people want only what they can enjoy—that is, what they know before—the old ideals, and usually even the old ideals in old forms. Moreover, if an artist becomes fashionable—and I know of nothing worse—he will have a flock of pupils and imitators. Rodin, for example, is worthy of all honor, but look at all the imitators of him that have shot up like mushrooms. Schools of art are impossible, and there ought not to exist forerunners or followers in art. For it should come from within, and not entirely from without. It should be an expression of the personality itself. Yet I repeat that I respect all sincere art, even when it is founded on tradition.

"THE ANGEL OF LIFE"



Bas-relief by Einar Jónsson



By Einar Jónsson

EVOLUTION, FRONT VIEW

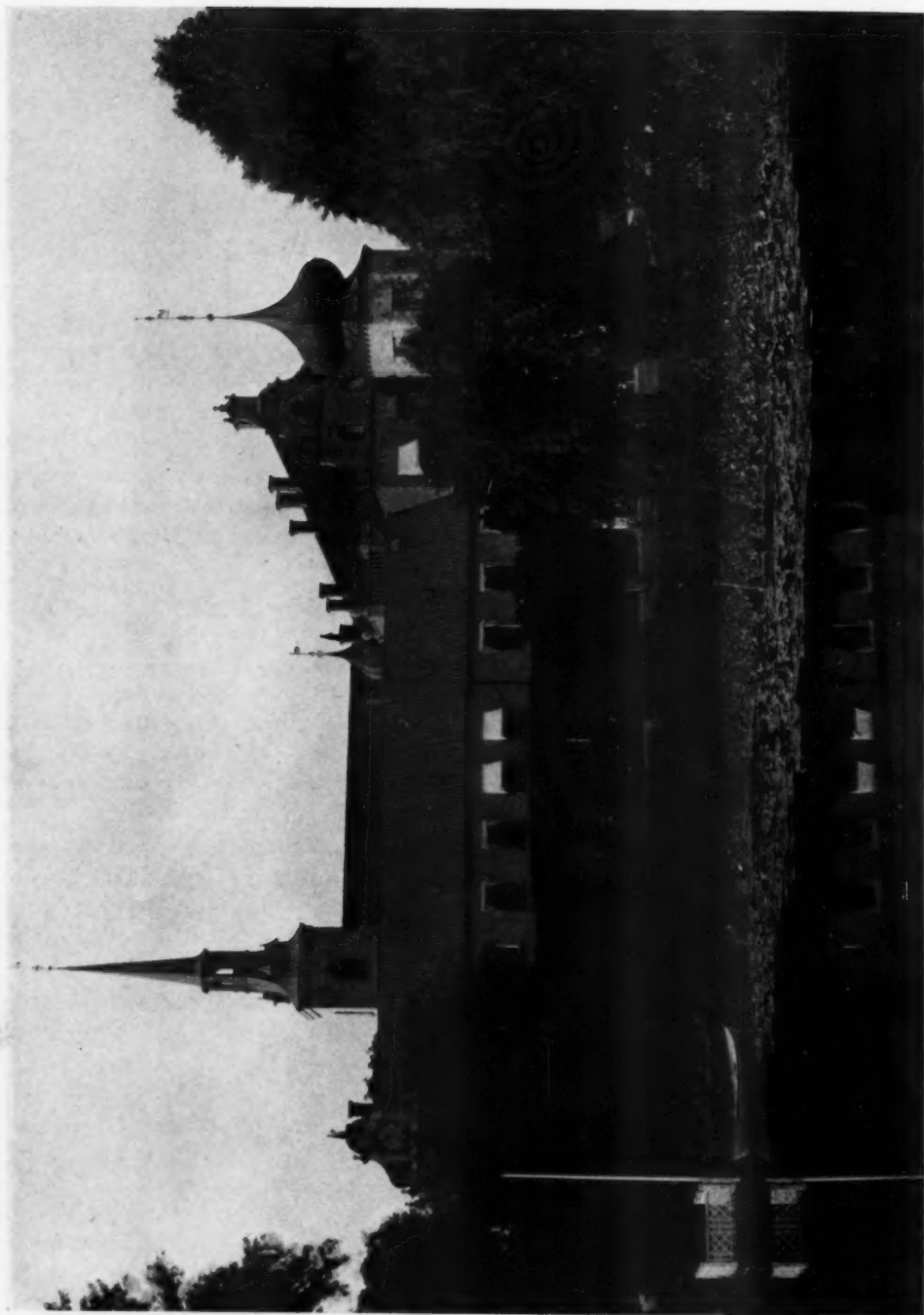
The fight of man against the beast in himself is symbolized by the erect figure, standing tense under the burden laid upon his shoulders by his own brute instincts. The two figures seen from the front form a cross. Before his breast the man carries his ideal, the image of a globe with the Christian cross.



By Einar Jónsson

EVOLUTION, SIDE VIEW

The side view of the same group depicts with terrible force the man's lower nature, which strives to weigh him down by a gigantic hand laid across his shoulders.



DANISH CASTLES—VIII

BRAHETROLLEBORG

Brahetrolleborg

HIGH noon in mid-August! Well the writer remembers that farewell breakfast in the park of Brahetrolleborg. Blowing our bugle we had galloped past the castle and swung sharply to the right, down through the beechwoods to the lake. Here on the grass near the bank stood a long, rustic table, on which was placed our simple repast of Danish sandwiches, with a bottle of Carlsberg before every plate, and at the head stood an earthen jug; it may have contained water, but more probably home-brewed cherry brandy. Laughing, we seated ourselves on the wooden benches. The sun played upon us in grotesque patches of light through the beech foliage overhead; in dark patterns on the white gowns of the young women, and in spots of white on the table. An occasional beech leaf fluttered down among us. A few feet away the sparkling lake rippled gently against its pebbles. There were songs and toasts and speeches. Denmark had just passed through a ministerial crisis, and these young people discussed with gay seriousness the affairs of the nation. The detonations of blasting in the distance were ascribed to German guns, and there were friendly references to England and her American representative at our woodland breakfast. Finally, the hour of leave-taking came, and as the American rode away, all raised their glasses in a joyous *Skaal!* A ride to Faaborg, an afternoon's voyage by boat, and the stranger found himself on German soil at Sönderborg, vainly endeavoring to pay the German telegraph operator in Danish coin for a Danish telegram to send back to his friends. Next morning he felt, indeed, like Jeppe of the Hill, after his brief experience as a baron, awakening on the proverbial haystack.

An atmosphere of sheltering comfort and luxuriant nature surrounds the walls of the castle of Brahetrolleborg, which is the chief residence upon the baronial estate of that name, and the principal seat of the Counts of Reventlow, a noble family described in Number VI of this series. The site was occupied originally by a Cistercian cloister. The monastery remained there until the Reformation, and the present structure includes some of the cloister walls. The main building dates from 1620. The castle was enlarged and restored in the last century in the style of the Renaissance. A high spire rises over the parish church, which is built into the castle. The chapel contains a baptismal font by Thorvaldsen. The interior of the castle is rich in old portraits and contains furnishings which belonged to Queen Anna Sofie, who was born a Countess Reventlow.

The baronial estate of Brahetrolleborg was erected in 1672 by Lady Birgitte Trolle, for the descendants of her deceased brother, Corfits Trolle—hence the castle's name. In 1722 it came into the possession of Count Christian Ditlev Reventlow.

In the Stead of Snorri

By W. S. C. RUSSELL

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.*

THE time is seven in the afternoon of a smiling July day. We have ridden over forty miles along rugged trails, and ponies and riders are glad to look down upon a broad expanse of meadow and to see rising in the distance a cluster of grassy hummocks, which experience has taught us to recognize as an Icelandic home.

The yelp of the farm dog, the shout of the boy driving the sheep into the milking pen, and the blue smoke, curling upward from the dome of one of the mounds, assure us that we are close to shelter and hospitality. We pause for a moment to gaze upon the scene and then loose the reins of the impatient ponies. After many windings in the home meadow to avoid the bogs, we arrive at a lane, bordered with high turf walls that are overgrown with grass and dotted with tufts of flowers. At the far end a gate opens to admit us into the enclosure surrounding the buildings. Here we are met by the farmer, who gives us a kindly greeting while he assists us to dismount and unsaddle the pack-train. He sends the ponies to the pasture and escorts us to the guest-chamber on the ground floor.

In Reykjavik and other seaport towns, where lumber from Norway can more easily be obtained, the dwellings are modern, hence of less interest to the traveler. It is the stone and turf cottage, built upon immemorial plans, the same type as used by the first settlers, when Ingolf in 874 founded his colony, that is germane to our purpose.

The parsonage at Reykholt, the ancient stead of Snorri Sturlasson, is typical of the farmhouses of the better class. It consists of four main buildings, side by side, the



By courtesy of Richard C. Badger

REYKHOLT, ANCIENT STEAD OF SNORRI

spaces between them filled with a wide and deep turf wall. The common roof is formed by interlacing the branches of the scrub birch over the rafters and covering them with turf, which soon blooms with a profuse tangle of grass and a marguerite called *Baldur's brá*. There are other and smaller houses built at the back; and the roof slopes down to the level of the ground, affording a pleasant retreat for the pet sheep.

The entrance to many houses is through a dark and gloomy passage with a hard earthen floor. The guest-rooms and sometimes one or two of the living rooms are finished with wood, free from all traces of paint but brown with age and smoke. At the rear of the passage there is an entrance into the kitchen, where the stove most commonly used is the ancient pile of flat stones arranged in the form of a small arch, under which the peat and dried sheep manure furnish the heat for cooking. Some of the homes, especially near the coast, have modern iron stoves. Houses situated near the hot springs afford opportunity for cooking in the water and in the warm ground. The women always take advantage of these conditions to save time and fuel. Usually there is one small chamber used for smoking fish and meat, from which the smoke penetrates the whole house.

The turf-walled passages are winding, turning at sudden angles, and always devoid of light. A door opens into the milk and cheese room, where the whirl of the milk separator may be heard at ten or eleven at night; another door opens into the storeroom, where stock-fish, potatoes, dried and smoked meat, salted mutton, butter and other articles of food are kept. For the most part, these homes are clean and comfortable, though to foreigners they appear somewhat forbidding on first acquaintance. They are often crowded, especially in the winter.

The food of the Ice-lander, on the farm, is plain and simple. It is chiefly the product of his own labor, including little that is imported, except flour, coffee, and sugar. There is always an abundance of milk, cheese, butter, black bread, eggs, smoked or salted mutton, and fresh or smoked char, trout, and salmon. The coast farms always have quantities of dried stock-



DRYING CODFISH AT REYKJAVIK



WATERFALL AT SEYDISFJÖRDUR

fish, and the farmers who live near the breeding places of the numerous wild fowl have an abundance of ducks' eggs, which are packed for winter use. Every house owns a small potato patch and raises a few turnips, but beyond this the lack of warmth forbids the tilling of the rich soil. The work of the Icelandic farmer is largely that of a grazier. He owns a few cows, a few or sometimes many

ponies, and often as many as a thousand sheep, all at one time.

Labor on the farm is well divided. The oldest daughter usually has entire charge of the household duties, while the mother, after the age of child-bearing, labors with the servants in the field at the haying or in the dairy. She assists at the sheep-milking, spinning and weaving. Women and children do their full share in the field during the haying season, turning the grass, raking, and often swinging the scythe, in which work they are fully as efficient as the men. Summer life on the farm means long days of drudgery. The hay is all-important, and every effort is made to obtain as much as possible. When the home meadow, the *tún*, is cut, the workers repair to the swales, the bogs, the mountain pastures, and often to the moors. On the moorlands there is nothing but a scanty supply of wild grass and an abundance of willow shoots. The grass on the islands in the lakes, such as Mývatn, Midge Lake, is cut and stacked, to be hauled across the ice in the winter.

In the autumn, the sheep are collected from the common pasture grounds on the mountains and highlands skirting the vast interior desert, where they have roamed at will through the summer. This sheep-gathering is done by the young men, and in the season of lengthening night, wind, rain, and often snow, it may be a severe strain. The workers must be abroad long hours, with little chance to sleep, and then only in a hut of wet turf, hastily constructed. When the sheep are all driven down to the valley, the sorting begins. According to a custom as old as the earliest settlements in the country, it is the occasion for a large gathering, where young and old, men and maidens, meet and make merry.

When winter begins in earnest, the people are practically confined to the immediate home lands. Each day has its round of cares. The

cattle, sheep, and ponies require attention. In pleasant weather the live stock are let loose in the fields, and the sheep are daily driven to the spots from which the wind has removed the snow. This necessitates long hours of exposure for the caretakers, who spare no effort in order to conserve the scanty store of hay for the milch cows and for the sheep that are to have lambs in the spring.

The evenings are long, for this land lies on the Arctic Circle. In many homes, where the customs of a thousand years are unchanged, the inmates all assemble in the general room, which is also the sleeping room, and while the men are busy making or mending the farm implements, the women spin, knit, and weave. Children who cannot reach the school in a distant farmhouse are instructed at home. The evenings in winter give opportunity for much study. While one reads the others work. In the old days, before the introduction of books, Icelanders had wonderful memories. Only half a century ago, there lived a farmer, by the name of Thorstein Thorsteinson, who could repeat all of the four longest of the sagas without making any mistake. This is vouched for by the Reverend Frederick Metcalfe, of Oxford, who tested the farmer by holding the copy while he recited. Such memories are not common today, yet the Iclander has a retentive memory, and the older people are able to give, during the long winter nights, a large amount of instruction which is retained by the listening workers.

Sunday, in the rural sections, is a real day of rest. Practically every one goes to church, which is usually on the farm of the pastor. All travel on horseback; the children ride with their parents, and the young people time their trip so as to meet at the intersecting trails. On they ride, an ever-increasing cavalcade, over moor and mountain, across bog and brook, till the parish is assembled at the church. The ponies are hobbled; the older men sit upon the grass and exchange snuff—a universal custom in Iceland—and report the gossip that has filtered in from the coast. The young people meet in the churchyard, and there many a pledge is given that holds till the turf of the same yard receives one of the faithful pair. The women hasten to the parsonage to array



RIM OF THE CRATER OF STRÝTUR, LOOKING TOWARDS LANG
JÖKULL

themselves in their best gowns and arrange their braids and the tassel of the *húfa*, woman's cap. The parson arrives at the church, dons his robes, greets his flock and the service begins.

Later the people assemble at a nearby farmhouse, or in the parsonage, for coffee and cakes, and a further exchange of snuff. After more gossip, the parties ride their several ways. The young men attempt to show the speed of their favorite ponies in spurts that would do credit to an American cowboy, each trying to outride the others. The maidens follow demurely, and the elderly people bring up the rear of the procession. Well these fathers and mothers know, from experience, that as soon as their sons are out of sight they will rein in those galloping ponies and hold them till the maidens approach. Then, in pairs, side by side, just like lovers in other lands, they ride to the home of the maid.

No pack trains come and go, no scythe rings in the meadow, the usual sounds of farm life are hushed, and the peace of a faithfully observed Sabbath rests upon these humble homes. Evening calls are made, and long calls they are, as I can testify from experience. Coffee and cakes are again served, and once more the snuff-horn circulates. Merrily the time passes with singing and reciting of poetry, while the saddled ponies in the compound impatiently await the coming of their young masters to return in a wild ride over the heath to their own pastures.

Except for the changing duties of the seasons, there is not much variety in the life of the Icelandic farmer or his family. The great outside world, with its political struggles, mercantile ambitions and tyrannous fashions, has little effect upon the daily life of these sturdy toilers; consequently there is little restlessness and longing for wider and more stirring scenes. The people are whole-souled entertainers, hospitable in the highest degree, both to the native and to the stranger within their gates. They are fond of their simple pleasures, given to poetry, song and study. In times of trouble and distress they are stoically resigned, with a faith that is optimistic. In a sense, they live a life of enjoyment, albeit it is one of hardship, labor, and privation. Understand that I am not speaking of Reykjavik and the larger villages of the coast, where trading-ships come and go, bringing foreign news and customs, but of home life as it is and has been for hundreds of years among the widely scattered rural population. The city life of Reykjavik, the life with which most foreigners come in contact—the busy trading, the schools, the moving pictures, and the waning devotion to the Sabbath—this is not the real Iceland.

Following Leif Ericson

By BJÖRN B. JÓNSSON

ACCORDING to the saga narratives, it was in 1000 A. D. that the first Iclander came to America, but the people of Leif the Lucky did not follow their discoveries in Vinland with permanent settlements, and nothing is heard of Icelandic immigration to America until the latter part of the nineteenth century. About the year 1855, a party of Icelanders came to Utah, the first of their race to arrive in modern times.

It is only since 1870 that we can speak of a permanent immigration from Iceland. On the twenty-seventh day of June that year, the forerunners of Icelandic immigration arrived in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. These four pioneers were: Jón Gislason, Arni Gudmundsson, Gudmundur Gudmundsson and Jón Einarsson. They afterwards settled on Washington Island, Wisconsin, and became the fathers of a small colony, which yet exists on that island. For several years Milwaukee was a rendezvous for immigrants from Iceland. In 1872, several young and energetic men arrived on the scene. Principal among these was Rev. Páll Thorláksson, who the year before had graduated from the college in Iceland. He entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary in St. Louis the same year and graduated there in 1875. He became a leader of his countrymen and labored among them with great self-sacrifice and zeal until he died in 1882, in Pembina County, North Dakota, where he had founded a large and flourishing colony of Icelanders.

From Milwaukee the Icelandic settlers drifted into several farming communities in Wisconsin, and dwelt mostly among their Norwegian kinsmen. No permanent settlements were, however, established in Wisconsin, other than the small colony on Washington Island. From Wisconsin many moved into Minnesota, and founded an Icelandic settlement in Lyon, Lincoln, and Yellow Medicine Counties of that State. This settlement was begun in the year 1875 and is today in a very flourishing condition, numbering about 800 people. It has produced several men who have become prominent in the State, among them the Honorable G. B. Björnson, editor of the *Minnesota Mascot* and a leading member of the Minnesota Legislature. He is also president of the Minnesota Editorial Association and chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. Other men of prominence are the Gislason brothers, Björn and Arni, leading lawyers and politicians. This colony in southwestern Minnesota is a fair sample of the Icelandic settlements. The farmers are very prosperous. They live in beautiful homes and show all signs of thrift and industry. They are, as a class, intelligent and well

educated. They are splendid patrons of the schools, and their children have graduated from high schools and colleges.

From Wisconsin some of the immigrants drifted into Canada; in 1873 a party of Icelanders settled in Muskoka, Ontario, and in 1874 a settlement was begun in Nova Scotia. These eastern settlements soon ceased and the people moved west into Manitoba and other western provinces of Canada.

In the year 1875 a delegation was sent out from Muskoka to select a suitable tract of land in the west. This delegation, led by Mr. Sigtryggur Jónasson, chose a strip of land on the western shore of Lake Winnipeg and named it New Iceland. The same year a number of settlers moved in from Ontario, and the next year, 1876, about twelve hundred pioneers arrived from Iceland. From this time on the new colony grew rapidly and became the largest Icelandic settlement in America. In spite of many hardships in the pioneer days it is today in a prosperous condition and is the most representative and exclusive Icelandic settlement in the country. All along the western shores of Lake Winnipeg, for half a hundred miles, names of villages and post offices are Icelandic. The colony has for many years been represented in the Manitoba Legislature by men born in Iceland, first by Captain Sigtryggur Jónasson, then by Mr. B. L. Baldwinson, and at present by Mr. S. Thorvaldsson.

This settlement on Lake Winnipeg, called New Iceland, became a parent to several others. In the spring of 1879 the Rev. P. Thorláksson, who had served as pastor in the colony for two years, led an exodus from the settlement. Times had been a little hard, and he was convinced that a better location could be found on the American side of the international boundary line. He and his people went to Pembina County, in North Dakota, and there founded what is today one of the largest colonies in America. This North Dakota settlement has been spoken of as among the most flourishing communities in all the State. There are several thousand Icelanders there now. Many of them have been men of considerable influence, among others the Honorable D. J. Laxdal of Cavalier, attorney and Land Commissioner for North Dakota, now deceased; and the Honorable M. B. Brynjólfson, a brilliant lawyer and politician, also now deceased. In both



HON. G. B. BJÖRNSON, MINNEOTA, MINN.

houses of the North Dakota Legislature the Icelanders have for many years been represented by men born in Iceland.

From the mother colony on Lake Winnipeg other settlements were founded in Canada. The most prosperous of these is the one beautifully situated in south-western Manitoba, in the municipality of Argyle, usually called the Argyle settlement. In 1880, several parties from New Iceland founded this colony on the wild prairies of Manitoba. It is in a most flourishing condition today.

Since this time many other colonies have been planted in western Canada, in several localities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Icelandic settlements have also sprung up on the American side in the west, especially in the State of Washington. In Seattle, Bellingham, Marietta, Blaine, Point Roberts and other places on the coast will be found a number of Icelanders. There is also a small settlement in Utah. And in many cities of the middle west there are groups of Icelanders. In most of these communities the Icelanders have won distinction. In the Saskatchewan Legislative Assembly they are represented by Mr. W. H. Paulson, a man of marked ability.

In no other place, however, are the Icelanders so well represented as in Winnipeg, Manitoba. That city is the center of the Icelandic diaspora. To Winnipeg most of the immigrants from Iceland came first, and from there scattered, many always remaining in the city. Some five or six thousand Icelanders are permanent citizens of Winnipeg. Many of them are prosperous. Several Icelandic business men in Winnipeg are quite wealthy, among these, John Vopni, Arni Eggertsson, J. J. Bildfell, Th. Oddsson, J. T. Bergmann, and Albert Johnson. Some Icelanders have become influential in civic life, such as the able attorney, Thomas H. Johnson, who represents central Winnipeg in the Legislature and is one of the foremost men in western Canada. One of the most noted surgeons in western Canada is an Icelander, Dr. B. J. Brandson, F.A.C.S., who is also professor in the Medical College in Winnipeg. In Winnipeg are published two weekly papers, *Lögberg* and *Heimskringla*, and several periodicals. There are four Icelandic churches in the city and a large number of Icelandic societies.

From what has been said it will be seen that the Icelanders in this



THOMAS H. JOHNSON, M.P.P.

country are very much scattered. This makes it quite difficult for them to co-operate. Only one general organization has been attempted among them, their church. The Icelandic Lutheran Synod in America was founded in the year 1885, and with it are affiliated about half a hundred congregations in the United States and Canada. The founder, and for twenty-three years the head, of the Synod was Rev. Jón Bjarnason, D.D., pastor of the First Lutheran Church in Winnipeg, who died on June 3 of last year. He was conceded to be one of the greatest leaders of the Icelandic nation in this country or in Iceland, an eminent scholar, an indefatigable worker, a brilliant author, and a man of pronounced spirituality. A small synod of Unitarians has also been founded in Manitoba.

The little Icelandic nation has always been noted for its intelligence and culture. Its ancient literature has caused the intellectual world to marvel. From the Icelandic Eddas and Sagas flow rivers of living waters. It is therefore but natural that the Icelanders in this country should develop scholarly traits and a desire for learning. The young generation has made good use of the educational facilities of the land. A comparatively large number of them have sought higher education, and their reputation at the schools they have attended is most enviable. Two years in succession, Icelandic students won the Rhodes Scholarship at the University of Manitoba.

For many years the Icelanders in this country have desired to found an educational institution of their own, where, together with the ordinary course of study, the Icelandic language and literature might be taught. The promoter of this undertaking is the Icelandic Lutheran Synod. This institution became a fact in the fall of 1913 when teaching operations were begun on a small scale in a public hall in the city of Winnipeg. Last fall the school began its second year with three professors, the students numbering about thirty. At the head of the institution is Rev. R. Marteinsson, B.A., B.D. The school is named after the great leader and called *Jón Bjarnason Academy*. The Synod has now in funds and pledges about \$50,000, and an attempt will be made to increase the fund and to erect a suitable building for the school in the near future.

In conclusion we may summarize and say: The Icelanders in America have prospered; as farmers they do very well; as public and professional men they succeed; as students they excel. They are quick to adapt themselves to conditions in this country. They want to be good citizens, and to give to America all that which is good in their own national character and national culture. They love the country of their adoption, and yet remain faithful to their own heritage.

Between Jökull and Geyser

ICELAND, the Ultima Thule of the early writers, has been the subject of many wild tales, and in the old English magazines we may find romantic accounts of visits to the island as far back as in 1814, in which stories of robbers, mysterious caverns, and spouting geysers figure prominently. Conditions of forty years ago are described by the Honorable James Bryce in a sane and graphic article of considerable length, which appeared simultaneously in several periodicals. We quote from the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1874 his account of a trip across the interior desert by the Vatnahjallavegur, a road which had not been traveled for fifteen years, and was said to be known only to one man in Iceland, the guide named Sigurdur. It contains a singularly vivid picture of the region which the author in another part of the article calls a land of black-and-white—black lava and white snow—alleviated only by faint traces of green. He writes:

"On Monday morning at five A.M. we started, a party of seventeen horses, three guides, and three Englishmen, from the last house on the north side of the wilderness, a strange, lonely place, where the simple natives had crowded and buzzed round us all the day before, in mingled curiosity and kindness, as if we were visitors from another planet. Climbing out of the valley where this house lay, we reached a high, undulating plateau, strewn with loose, rough slabs of stone, like the pavement of a ruined city, with here and there sheets of black water, too small for lakes, too big for pools, patches of bog, and beds of half-thawed snow. The slowly rising clouds showed all around the same country, a land without form or void, a land that seems as if only half created, with no feature for the eye to dwell upon; neither peaks nor valleys, neither rocks nor grass, but everywhere bare, bleak, blank desolation. It was not always the same, for sometimes there was more snow, sometimes bog, sometimes only stone; but one had no sense of progress in it, and felt as if it might go on forever. Late in the afternoon the stone changed to a rolling plain of black volcanic pebbles, and coming at last to an oasis of short grass, we halted for an hour to give the horses a feed, though a scanty one, and to discuss our course, for the clouds had now settled down upon us, and there was no seeing more than a few hundred yards in any direction. Track, or mark to indicate a track, there was, of course, none; and Sigurdur admitted that without the Jökull to guide him he could not tell where we were or which way we were going. Now the Jökull, though we knew, from the number and whitish color of the torrents we crossed, that it could not be very far off, was in such weather hopelessly hidden. Onwards, however, we pressed, for night was beginning to fall; and if we could not reach a scrap of pasture that lay some hours ahead, it might go

hard with the horses. Everything depended on the horses, for our supply of food was scanty, and the next house one hundred miles away. The compass was consulted in vain, and Sigurdur shook his head more and more anxiously, till at last, when it was almost dark, and the mist, driven by a piercing wind, was turning to a snow mizzle, there was nothing for it but to halt. The tent was taken off the horse that carried it, and, with fingers so numb that we could scarcely untie its cords, we set about pitching it, while the natives tied our seventeen horses tail and head together to keep them from running off during the night, as their wont is. The tent-pegs took no grip of the soft, loose shingle, however deep we drove them in; but when one remarked that the pole would probably fall during the night and bury us all in the ruins, the other two only gave a shivering assent and crawled inside. Then the head of the commissariat served out supper, consisting of some fragments of mouldy biscuit and clammy mutton, with a carefully limited sip of corn brandy; waterproofs were laid down, pillows extemporized out of riding-boots, every scrap of clothing turned to account against the cold, and we lay down to court sleep. The native Icелander regards neither cold nor hunger, but we were less seasoned, and one at least of the party lay awake all night, freezing hard, longing, as Homer says, for the coming of fair-throned Morning, listening resignedly to the sounds, steady and strong as the beats of a steam-engine, that told of the better fortune of a comrade, trying now and then to relieve the weariness by fixing his mind upon a point of law, but failing always, and slipping off into a wandering reverie, wherein England and civilization and all familiar things beyond the great sea seemed plunged deep in the past, or whirled away to an illimitable horizon.

"Next morning early, when we again mounted and started, unrefreshed, upon our way, everything was still wrapped in cloud, and Sigurdur's mind most of all, he moaning at intervals, 'If I could only see the Jökull!' About nine o'clock, however, the mist suddenly rose and then vanished, the sun shone out, and the wished-for Jökull appeared, a long, flat-topped, smooth-sloped ridge of ice (*névé*, one would have called it in the Alps), four or five miles to the east of us, trending away south, further than the eye could reach. So the way was now plain, and we rode on as fast as the roughness of the ground permitted, where flats covered with the overflow of glacier torrents alternated with rocky or shingly hills and with the iron billows of successive lava-flows. The scene was unlike yesterday's, as drear and solitary, but with a certain weird splendor of its own. On one side the smooth, endless line of snow-field, on the other an immense plain, flooded with sunlight, with a few tiny volcanic cones rising on its extreme western marge. Right in front, two bold, snowy mountain groups, the square mass of Lang Jökull, and opposite it five sharp

ice pinnacles capping the ridge of Blágnýpu Jökull; between them a depression, through which we were to pass to the south, and which, so clear was the air, seemed no nearer at six o'clock, after incessant quick riding, than when we had caught sight of it before noon.

"The unfruitful sea is not more lonely or more waste than this wilderness shut in by frozen barriers. Yet it was not a howling wilderness, such as that which awes the child's imagination in the Hebrew prophets, such as that we had traversed the day before, but full of a strange, stern beauty, stilling the soul with the stillness of nature. There was not a cloud in the sky, not a bird, not an insect, not a floweret at our feet; only the blue dome of air raining down brightness on the black desert floor, the dazzling snows in front, and far away exquisite tints of distance upon the western peaks. And then the silence, what was ever like it? A silence not as of death, but as of a time before life was. To us the scene was all the more solemn because of yesterday's cloud and the weary night, for there was nothing to connect what we now saw with the region we had left on the northern side of the desert; we could no more tell how we had got there than how we should get out. It was like a leap into fairyland; and, indeed, despite our exhaustion, a delicious leap, for the air was so fine and keen, the sky so brilliant, the aspect of everything so novel, that the barrenness underfoot and the sense of danger in case any misfortune befell us, so far from human help, did not seem to depress us; and each rode alone in a sort of grave exhilaration, gazing as in a dream at the hills and drinking in the sunlight, content with silence and the present.

"The sun went down as we entered the majestic sand-strewn portal between the two Jökulls, and the eastern one, on whose snows his light lingered longest, glowed in colors more glorious than any we could remember in the Alps; the rose perhaps less vivid than that which burns at dawn upon the Silberhorn, but with it an infinitely varied and tender alternation of violet and purple, opal and pink and orange, passing from one tint to another in swift, iridescent pulses, till they died away into chilly blue. Darkness had hardly descended before what had seemed a steel-gray bank of cloud in the northwest turned to an auroral arch, which soon shot forth its streamers across the zenith, throbbing and glancing from one side of heaven to the other, and flinging themselves into exuberant folds and curves of vaporous light. We rode, first by its help, and then stumbling about in utter darkness, all night through, making only one or two short halts for the sake of the wearied horses. The ground was rough, and we were more than half asleep, exhausted by fasting and excitement, so how we got safely across was a marvel then, and remains so to us now.

"When the saffron robe of morning was spread over the east, we

were among new mountains, with the pass already far away; and when from behind one of their pinnacles the sun suddenly flamed up, we were descending toward the great White Lake (Hvítárvatn), one of the largest in the country, over whose bosom two glaciers streaming down between two savage ink-black cliffs scattered a shower of miniature icebergs that sailed about sparkling in the morning light. It was a wild and striking scene, but not in the least beautiful, and almost too savage to be grand. For there was nothing tender, nothing graceful, nothing picturesque to break the intense grimness of the black mountains, with their blunt, harsh lines, or give variety to the huge sheet of whitish-blue water that washed them; no waterfall flashed among the rocks, no copsewood clothed the glens or dipped into the lake. One had little temptation to linger, especially as the swans that fluttered over the icebergs were too wild to let us approach them; so we hurried on, and after some hours more gained from the top of another pass a boundless prospect over the great southwestern plain of the island, Hekla guarding it to the south, while in the distance puffs of steam marked the spot where the geysers lie.

"The land was greener to the eye, but it was still utterly waste and desolate, nor did we find a place to halt, a human dwelling, and that which is the chief support of life in Iceland, a draught of milk, till after the long and hard day's riding we came at evening to the solitary farm of Haukadalur. Here the valiant Sigurdur departed, having first kissed us after the manner of his people, to return home all alone across the desert, and from this we mounted the red Geyser hill, and pitched our tent close to the boiling basin whence the Great Geyser rises, though now in his old age more rarely, and where all night long the earth shook beneath us with his thundering snorts and groans."



Editorial

The Icelandic Crisis

The resignation on November 30 of the Icelandic minister, Sigurdur Eggerz, is the second Icelandic ministerial crisis in the last half year, his predecessor, Hannes Hafstein, having resigned last July. It comes at the end of a long conflict between Denmark and Iceland, which, it is probable, will now be definitely ended either in one way or another. King Christian has sent for representative politicians of Iceland to meet with him in Copenhagen and discuss the two main points of difference, the constitution and the separate flag.

Iceland in the thirteenth century belonged to Norway and was joined to Denmark, together with that country, in 1380; when the Union between Denmark and Norway came to an end in 1814, Iceland remained with Denmark. Since 1874 (exactly one thousand years after Iceland was colonized by Norwegians who would not submit to the firm rule of Harald the Fair-haired), the island received its own constitution, and the ancient parliament, the Althing, was reestablished. The Danish minister of justice was also to serve as minister for Iceland. Since 1903 Iceland has had her own minister, but matters concerning this distant dominion are still discussed in the meetings of the Danish cabinet. King Christian has refused to sanction any measure taking this privilege away from the cabinet unless satisfactory arrangements for deciding what matters are of special Icelandic nature, and which concern both countries, can be agreed upon by the Rigsdag and the Althing.

Another question that helped to precipitate the crisis is that of the separate flag, which, it was recently agreed, the Icelanders could use within their own boundaries and in their coast waters. The king, however, received an inkling that the inhabitants of the Northern island intended to raise the new tricolor flag instead of the red and white Danebrog also in foreign harbors, and that the most extreme faction contemplated using it as a wedge to divide Iceland from Denmark in case the latter should be dragged into the present war. For this reason he has postponed decision in this matter also, pending his conference with the Icelandic leaders.

The Danes feel deeply the want of loyal sentiment in Iceland, which they claim has enjoyed great benefits from the Union. On the other hand, the Icelanders, true descendants of the early colonists, are jealous of the least infringement of their liberties. The recent development of the island along industrial lines and the efforts to achieve intellectual as well as economic independence, which have given force to the political movement, are described in the article, "The Future of Iceland," in this number of the REVIEW.

The Meeting at Malmö

A few quotations from the press of Scandinavia will show what the meeting means and what it does not mean, as seen by those close to the counsels of the three governments.

The Liberal leader in Sweden, Karl Staaff, says:

"The present events have given the deathblow to all speculations that Sweden might be tempted to abandon the policy of neutrality."

On the other hand, Professor Rudolf Kjellén makes himself the spokesman of that small minority which still dreams of empire to be won by a union with the German cause, and in *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* argues that Sweden, being less exposed in a German-British conflict than the other two, is increasing the risk of war by making common cause with them. Against this the Socialist leader, Hjalmar Branting, protests indignantly in *Socialdemokraten*:

"What a superficial reasoning to suppose that there could ever be safety for Sweden if either one of our brother countries should be dismembered or swallowed! How can any one fail to see that liberty in the North depends on solidarity!"

The government organ in Denmark, *Politiken*, comments enthusiastically on the meeting, and goes on to say:

"In one respect, however, almost all the foreign onlookers are mistaken. The belligerent nations on both sides of the conflict have attempted to construe the meeting to their advantage. It has been taken to indicate that the policy of either one or the other group of powers has failed, or as a demonstration against the other part. Both suppositions are wrong. The meeting neither was nor could be a sign of a shifting away from or toward either one or the other of the warring powers. On the contrary, it means that the Northern states are unanimous in their purpose to make the neutrality policy serve only one purpose—the preservation of peace."

Ugens Tilskuer, Danish, writes:

"Through the participation of Denmark, the meeting received its full significance. A meeting between Sweden and Norway might, after the discussion that has preceded it, have been construed as a step against a certain power, while it would have emphasized the tendency toward the isolation of Denmark which has been observed in Swedish and even to a lesser degree in Norwegian circles. As it is, however, no one can doubt its intention. Where all three Scandinavian countries unite, it can only be in the interests of peace; that fact must be clear, even to the most suspicious."

Intelligenssedlerne, which is in closest touch with the Norwegian government, says:

"To prevent any misunderstanding, it must be noted that there is no purpose looking toward a political union of any kind. None of the countries will be bound in their right of self-determination or their freedom of action."

Morgenbladet, Norwegian, voices what is the most prevalent note throughout the entire Scandinavian press, when it says:

"The gravity of the hour has taught the people of the North that they have one another,—has called forth into the light of day the latent consciousness that the three peoples are more closely allied than any other group of nations, and has deepened the assurance in Norway, as in Sweden and Denmark, that the most

vital interests of the countries are those which they have in common. The hand which the King of Sweden has stretched across Kjölen and across the Sound will be warmly grasped, and the fact that he has taken the initiative will be remembered."

No Transit Trade The Swedish Chamber of Commerce in New York, through its acting president, Mr. John Aspegren, on January 16 addressed a letter to President Wilson, thanking him for his note to Great Britain, and at the same time explaining the conditions that have given rise to British accusations against Sweden as a channel for German supplies. The letter states that before the war there was only one direct steamship connection, the Swedish-Mexico Line, which made infrequent sailings. Consequently American goods intended for Sweden were to a great extent shipped over Hamburg or Hull, and these goods were entered on the list of exports to Germany or to England instead of the country of their ultimate destination. After the war such transshipments have become difficult, and the Swedes have been obliged to find means of getting their goods directly from America, with the natural result of swelling the list of exports of American goods to Sweden. The letter also calls attention to the fact that the Scandinavian countries before the war received many supplies from Germany and Russia, while they are now obliged to import the same goods from the United States. As the best proof that no re-export to Germany takes place, Mr. Aspegren points to the indefinite stoppage of the steamship line between Malmö and Hamburg for lack of freight.

The Swedish Chamber of Commerce is to be commended for doing its share toward killing this rumor, which seems to have as many heads as the Hydra. The declaration of the British Government that American export trade to Scandinavia had become abnormal in volume has, naturally, been the object of much comment in the three Scandinavian countries. Statistics are quoted to prove that although the export from America to Scandinavia has increased, the total import of Scandinavia has, on the contrary, decreased somewhat. *Kammerherre* Herluf Zahle, chief in the Foreign Department of Denmark, in a newspaper interview mentioned numerous picturesque stories of secret export to Germany which had been investigated and found to lack all foundation. The embargo is enforced with great severity, and it is very unlikely that many offenders slip through the hands of the Government inspectors.

No Peace Prize The Nobel Committee of the Storting has decided not to give out the peace prize this year, in accordance with the rule by which the prize can be withheld in case there has not been, within the year, any work of sufficient importance to merit it. Thus is dispelled many a rumor of prize-winners.

Neutral Victims The mine-strewn waters of the British Channel and the North Sea continue to take their heavy toll of neutral vessels, often with great loss of life. Another list of casualties comes from the coast of Finland, where the Germans have recently laid mines with a view to closing the outlet for Russian trade in the Baltic at the same time as the outlet at Archangel is blocked by ice. No warning was given, although it was well known that neutral vessels were plying in the very track of the mines, and before the danger could be discovered three Swedish ships were blown up and between thirty and forty men killed. Swedish papers are very bitter in their comments. It is pointed out that these very vessels had been instrumental in bringing German refugees to their homes after the outbreak of the war and that Sweden throughout has shown Germany nothing but loyal friendship.

The great passenger ships running to the north of Scotland have hitherto escaped disaster, though they have been subject to the delay of being searched at Kirkwall for contraband goods and for German officers and reservists. The *Trondhjemsfjord*, recently purchased in England by the Norwegian America Line, consumed twenty days in the trip from Hull to New York, as the mines and the changing of familiar lights made it imperative to go slowly by day and to lie still at night.

The declaration of lumber as contraband of war is destroying one of the most important industries in Sweden and working havoc with Scandinavian shipping. Two Danish and five Norwegian ships, which had been loaded with pit-props before these were declared contraband, have been seized by the German prize-court in Kiel and held as lawful prizes. Two battleships under construction at Armstrong's shipyard for the Norwegian State have been seized by the British Government for a compensation. They have been renamed *Botha* and *Tipperary*, and the Norwegian papers are making melancholy jokes on the appropriateness of the Irish song.

New Steamship Lines The direct steamship line between Sweden and the United States, which has been contemplated for some years, was organized at a meeting of stockholders in Göteborg November 30, at which Consul C. A. Kjöllberg presided, and the first sailing will possibly take place in the summer of 1915. The Norwegian firm, Fred. Olson, is this spring beginning a direct freight and passenger route to the western coast of America, as far north as to Vancouver. The first ship will sail early enough for the Exposition in San Francisco, and the traffic will be continued by three large Diesel motor ships, which have been ordered from Burmeister and Wain in Copenhagen. The lines existing between Scandinavia and the United States have added vessels.

The Foundation

The Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, will spend the greater part of March and April on a tour through the Middle West, visiting the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and, if possible, North and South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas. The Secretary will lecture at the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish colleges and high schools, at American universities situated in strong Scandinavian centers, and in a limited number of societies having literary interests. His subjects will include "The Voyages of the Vikings," "Kiruna and the Lapps" (both illustrated), and "The Danish High Schools."

On his previous visit to the Middle West in February and March, 1913, the Secretary was well received. In authorizing him again to spend so long a time away from the headquarters of the Foundation and to undertake so extensive a journey, which, in spite of the hospitality of the institutions visited, will involve the Foundation in some expense, the Trustees are actuated by a sense of the great importance of having cooperation from these States. It is equally necessary for those who direct the educational policies of the Foundation to be in close touch with the constituency of active Scandinavian workers in the West and to be in communication with the three mother countries. The present trip has for its immediate object the enlistment of college students in the service of the Foundation; the special offers made by the REVIEW to students who will act as field secretaries or canvass for subscribers are more fully set forth in the Bulletin of the Foundation on page 124 of this issue.

Scandinavian Music

The second annual concert of the American-Scandinavian Society was quite favorably commented on by the press. We quote from *Musical America*:

"For the second time a concert of Scandinavian music was given at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, January 10, under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Society. Participating in it were Mme. Julia Claussen, the Swedish mezzo-soprano, who has won much success with the Chicago Opera Company and in concert; Per Bioern, a Danish bass-baritone, and an orchestra known as the Scandinavian Symphony, Carl H. Tollefsen, concertmaster.

"Ole Windingstad, a young Norwegian, who showed himself so gifted a conductor at last year's concert, again presided over the orchestra. Mr. Windingstad is unquestionably one of the most magnetic young conductors heard in New York in recent years. He has splendid control over his men, and his conducting is that of a serious musician who knows his scores and also how to obtain striking results with legitimate means. It was doubtless with the desire to do honor to the pioneer, Niels Gade, that the conductor produced his First Symphony in C Minor. For what it utters, the work is too long. It is dedicated to Mendelssohn, and it is also modeled upon Mendelssohn. Its national traits are confined to a few folk-song-like bits which appear in the first and last movements. The other orchestral items were a 'Master Olof' Suite by the Swedish composer, Tor Aulin, whose

'Humoresque' for violin has been played here considerably by Mr. Zimbalist, and Sinding's 'Rondo Infinito,' music that is scholarly but of no other distinction.

"Though the orchestral offerings are thus seen to have been in no way noteworthy (there was nothing among them that approached last year's 'Midsommervarka,' by Alfvén), there was much interest in Mme. Claussen's numbers. With the orchestra she sang 'En Sang,' by Harald Fryklöf, a young Swedish composer, whose message is modern and vital, and the 'Spinning Song,' from the opera 'Den Bergtagna,' by Ivar Hallström. Mme. Claussen is assuredly one of the great singers of our time, and her performance of these items was worthy of the highest praise. She has a wondrously beautiful voice, and her management of it is exemplary. In a group of songs, Sjögren's 'Molnet,' Alfvén's 'Var Stilla,' Grieg's 'Efteraarstormen,' and Peterson-Berger's 'Till Majdag,' she scored another triumph.

"Mr. Bioern, who made his New York début on this occasion, is a singer of worthy qualifications. He revealed a very agreeable voice in Gade's 'Knud Lavard,' and Grieg's 'Den store, hvide Flok,' the latter finely orchestrated by Mr. Windingstad, and in songs by Heise, Lange-Müller and Hartmann.

"Frank Bibb played the piano accompaniments for Mme. Claussen and Mr. Bioern with excellent results."

SOME DATES IN THE HISTORY OF ICELAND

825	Iceland was mentioned by the Irish monk Dicuil.
874- 930	Colonized by Norwegians.
850-1100	The poetry of the Elder Edda and earlier Skaldic verse.
930	The Althing established.
930-1030	The heroic age; the deeds recorded in the sagas were enacted.
986	Greenland colonized from Iceland.
1000	Christianity adopted. America visited.
1030-1100	Story-telling; the sagas shaped in tradition.
1117	The laws committed to writing.
1067-1148	Ari the Wise.
1140-1220	The shorter Icelandic sagas written.
1178-1241	Snorri Sturluson. The great Icelandic sagas.
1262-1264	Iceland joined to Norway.
1380	United (with Norway) to Denmark.
1402-1404	The Black Death.
1541-1551	The Reformation.
1809	Jörgen Jörgensen, "king" of Iceland for eight weeks.
1870	Exodus to America begins.
1874	The Constitution granted by the Danish king; the Althing reestablished.
1904	A Minister for Iceland appointed.
1915	Prohibition of sale and manufacture of alcoholic liquors.

Books

THE FIRST MONOGRAPH OF THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

Written for the REVIEW by Professor FINNUR JÓNSSON, and Translated from the Author's Manuscript

THE VOYAGES OF THE NORSEMEN TO AMERICA. By William Hovgaard, late Commander in the Royal Danish Navy, Professor of Naval Design and Construction in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With eighty-three illustrations and seven maps. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1914. xxi+304 pages. Price \$4.00.

As we know, the question of the discovery of America about the year 1000 has roused much interest and discussion in America and in other countries. The most notable contributions are the great work of Rafn, *Antiquitates Americanae* (1837), and in more recent times, G. Storm's essay in *Aarbøger for nordisk Oldkyndighed* (1887). The last-named was for a long time considered to be of decisive, if not final significance. Not long ago, however, Fr. Nansen, in his well-known book, has reopened the question, but in doing so has entered upon a very uncritical and superficial treatment; he takes a point of view that is undoubtedly incorrect when he believes the narratives about the discovery of Vinland ("the Good") to be founded only on Classical-Irish myths and legends. Such a discussion, however, invited a fresh consideration of the matter, and this has now been given by Professor William Hovgaard in his book with the above-quoted title. It is very fortunate that the task was undertaken by a man with a knowledge of navigation, as this aspect has not previously been investigated. The author, however, considers the question in all its bearings.

The book consists of twelve chapters besides an introduction. In the latter the author gives a few general views, especially with reference to the sources we possess. The chief of these are the Saga of Eric the Red and the so-called Grænlendinga Tháttr in the Flatey Book. Of these two, the first has usually been considered the most reliable and historic, while the latter has been regarded as in the main unhistoric. This is the opinion of Storm. The author, however, attempts to maintain that both are of approximately the same value, and that we may place about equal reliance on both. The writer of this review has, in the main, adopted the opinion presented by Storm, and still believes his view to be correct. This, however, does not preclude the possibility that details of importance may be found in Grænlendinga Tháttr. The most extraordinary statement in this narrative is that its chief person, Bjarni Herjólfsson, after discovering the eastern coast of America remained in his home in Greenland for fifteen years while neither he nor any one else cared in the least about the land he had found. This can hardly be explained, as the author attempts to do, by saying that the young community in Greenland was absorbed in its own inner affairs. No, it is more reasonable to suppose that there is a mistake, an anachronism, but this question of time must be admitted to be of slight importance. The Saga of Eric the Red is and will remain the principal source, especially by reason of its copiousness and the sobriety of the presentment as a whole.

When the author (page xvii) supposes that the influence of Christianity "may have led to the suppression of important facts," and that "true believers were strongly prejudiced against heathen" (such as the Eskimos), I will say that I do not believe such motives to have been present to any appreciable degree.

A brief survey of the contents will show their richness and the well-constructed, logical presentation.

Chapter 1 gives an excellent summary of historical conditions, the dwellings of the old Norsemen, etc. When it is said (page 16) that "of all pastimes, it appears, athletic sports and games occupied the most prominent place," I believe the facts to be somewhat overstated.

Chapter 2, "Greenland and the Old Norse Settlements," treats of Greenland itself in ancient times, of life there, the dwellings, etc. The author here enters upon the question of whether the Greenlanders at last were absorbed by the Eskimos, and in this connection speaks of the recently discovered "blond Eskimos" as a possibly mixed race. Without wishing to enter upon a discussion of the subject here, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep skepticism with regard to this conclusion, which has but very slight foundation in historical narratives; in fact, there is only one phrase that might be so construed.

Chapter 3 gives a welcome account of the ships of the Norsemen, and *Chapter 4* of "The Navigation of the Norsemen." Then we have, in *Chapter 5*, a very important part of the work, the narratives dealing with the discovery of and the voyages to Vinland, entitled "The Accounts of the Vinland Voyages." The presentation is sober and objective. Everything is included—even the quite uncertain Runic inscription from Hönen in Norway. Professor S. Bugge believed that in this inscription (which is now entirely lost) he had found a mention of a voyage to Vinland, but the language and method of presentment are so eccentric that it cannot possibly be correct.

In *Chapter 6*, "Historic Value of the Accounts," the author attempts to give a historic valuation of the sources (compare "Introduction"). In doing so, he criticizes the statements of Nansen severely, and expresses his own divergence from them, while at the same time he is careful to make certain concessions, as, for example (page 123): "A comparison between the flowery legend and the terse, realistic narrative of the saga does not seem to reveal any organic relation between the two, but it is, of course, possible that certain details in the saga may have been borrowed from the legend." To this last remark I cannot subscribe; such a concession would open the door to arbitrary conclusions without let or hindrance.

The reasoning on page 127 and following pages is, on the other hand, sound and excellent. Following this, the author, in *Chapter 7*, makes an exhaustive comparison between Grænlendinga Tháttr and the Saga of Eric the Red. At this point I might make a series of objections, but they would carry me too far; in reality the difference between the two sources is fortunately not of excessive importance. Whether the priority is on the side of Bjarni or Leif the Lucky, whether the descriptions of the places discovered are both reliable or both unreliable, and, lastly, whether the places described in both are the same, these things, we may be allowed to say, are of lesser significance. In admitting this, however, the exact investigation will, of course, become somewhat uncertain, and the author arrives at the conclusion that neither of the sagas is absolutely reliable, but that they must be combined by means of conjecture. This chapter is very valuable and contains many excellent and striking observations, which will certainly be the means of calling forth fresh and more intensive study of the subject.

Chapter 8 treats of "Vinland and Its Attributes." It takes up for critical and exhaustive consideration all questions arising from what we are told of the lands discovered and of their products. The author is inclined to believe that the accounts may have been exaggerated, but rightly maintains that Vinland must mean Wineland and nothing else. When the author (page 152) assumes that the epithet "the Good" may have been adopted in order to distinguish it from Vendland on the Baltic, which was sometimes called Vinlandia, I do not believe this to be correct. It is maintained that *vinber* must mean grapes and nothing else, and that if they were not actually found the term is "a conscious exaggeration" (page 158). The author also believes that the *masur* tree (white birch)

mentioned in the sagas "may have been added by the explorers or by later sagatellers to the other attributes of Vinland in order to emphasize its wealth and wonders." But was the *masur* so wonderful a tree that it could throw a glamour over the newly discovered land? It is at least a tree that is not unknown in Norway.

In Chapter 9, "Eskimos or Indians," the question of whether the natives encountered by the voyagers were Eskimos or Indians is taken up for discussion. The question is very difficult and can hardly be answered with absolute certainty. The author arrives at the conclusion that the Norsemen had encountered both tribes in different places, and that there is no reason why this should not have been the case. It has been said that the Eskimos are very peaceable and that the description in the sagas does not in all respects fit them, but the author advances several examples to the contrary; among these might also have been mentioned the accounts of Knud Rasmussen, which clearly show that they can be fiercely cruel and revengeful, even in our day; the sagas on this point contain absolutely nothing which is incredible.

Chapter 10 gives a detailed and interesting description of all the places on the coast which the Norsemen may have visited, accompanied by many excellent photographs, for which the reader must be very grateful. Following this, Chapter 11 treats of the places mentioned in the sagas, and Chapter 12 gives "reconstructions" of the voyages. In attempting to determine the various localities, the author gives a very interesting exposition. Great difficulties are encountered, and he must, naturally, resort to hypotheses. One conjecture is that the same name may have been applied by different discoverers to the various places, and also that the order of time may have been forgotten. The voyages in "Reconstruction," therefore, assume an aspect that differs considerably from those of the sagas, as, for example, when the author believes the Furdustrands, mentioned in the Saga of Eric the Red as north of the Straumfjord, to have been, in fact, *south* of this fjord, which plays an important part in the narrative. This conclusion may perhaps seem plausible, but it cannot be denied that in adopting it we are again venturing on the uncertain ground of arbitrary conjecture. When the author believes that Bjarni has come as far as to Resolution Island, this seems to me very improbable; in any case, his voyage from that point to Herjólfssnes can hardly be reconciled with the direction of the wind, as given in the saga.

Whether or not we can agree with the author, we cannot but be very grateful to him for the contribution he has made. So much, however, seems now to be established beyond doubt: that the Norsemen actually did visit the eastern coast of North America, from and including Labrador, and extending south at least as far as to the level of Nova Scotia, possibly even farther. This is substantially what Storm maintained. The particular localities are of lesser importance in themselves, even though it might be pleasant to be able to identify them with a fair degree of certainty. As I have said before, however, this can hardly be done except through an actual experiment—not by reconstructing it from our own study, with the aid of maps and descriptions and such things, but by attempting to make the voyage from Greenland to these countries—Helluland, Markland, and Vinland (this order, I believe, is accepted by the author), and thereby seeking to arrive at a definite result. But who would pay for such an expedition?

In conclusion I wish to convey to the author my sincere thanks for his book and for the weighty contribution it has made—and I wish to mention particularly the copious illustrations—toward the elucidation of this equally interesting and difficult problem. The book will undoubtedly furnish a new point of departure for scientific investigation.

FINNUR JÓNSSON.

Copenhagen, December, 1914.

THREE DRAMAS BY BJÖRNSON. Translated by R. Farquharson Sharp. Everyman's Library. Dutton & Co.

The second volume of Björnson to appear in the Everyman's Library contains three plays that have never before appeared in English. They are "The Editor," "The Bankrupt," and "The King." The choice is a happy one, as the plays are truly representative of the second period of Björnson's career as a dramatist, when he turns from the old national-historical themes to the vital questions of sociology and political philosophy.

"The Editor" is an attack upon the unscrupulous use of the press in crushing social reforms. In the brothers Rein, leaders of the new movement, Brandes sees Wergeland and Björnson. "The Bankrupt" gives a vivid picture of the havoc played in a family by the final crash of the financial schemes of the speculator Tjolde. Full of the comedy and tragedy of every-day life, rapid and consistent in its action, the play is remarkably successful on the boards. "The King," an incongruous mixture of everything from low comedy to the obscure comments of the chorus, is less suited to the stage, but its beautiful poetry, strong dramatic scenes, and keen discussions of political philosophy, give it unusual interest to the reader.

The rendering of the plays, on the whole accurate and couched in idiomatic English, frequently lacks the poignant strength of Björnson's phraseology. At times the exact meaning of the Norwegian seems to have been misunderstood. Especially unfortunate is the translation in "The King" of *presten* with "the priest." Mistakes of such nature could easily have been avoided. The translator gives, in a short introduction, based chiefly on Brandes, a valuable account of the place and importance of the plays in Björnson's development as a dramatist.

HENNING LARSEN.

THE OLD NORSE ELEMENT IN SWEDISH ROMANTICISM. By Adolph Burnett Benson, Ph.D., sometime Fellow in German, Columbia University. New York: Columbia University Press. 1914. Pp. xii + 192. Price \$1.00 net.

The author of this excellent monograph has made it his business to determine to what extent a real knowledge of the Old Norse sagas was possessed by the writers of the romantic period in Sweden. His introduction tells us about the two schools into which the romantic movement in that country divided itself from the very outset—the Phosphorists and the Gothics. The former seemed to be more universal in their culture than the latter, being eager to introduce Greek, Spanish, Italian, and more especially German models, while the latter made it their specific object to base the literature of their country on more exclusively Scandinavian foundations. The five chapters that follow give a thorough account of the various works, by authors connected with either of these schools, which illustrate the application of Scandinavian ideas to the development of romantic literature, with the result, expressed by Dr. Benson in his Conclusion (pp. 170-172), that the Gothic school cannot claim all the credit of having introduced the ancient North into Swedish literature, but "must share with their Romantic brothers, the Phosphorists, the honor and responsibility for the inauguration and permanent establishment of this commendable movement."

An Appendix of twelve pages gives supplementary biographical and critical notes, arranged alphabetically under the names of the famous Swedish Romanticists. It is altogether a solid and valuable guide to this interesting phase of the development of a literary period through a cultivation of the glorious past.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA. By Esaias Tegnér. With Introduction, Bibliography, Notes and Vocabulary. Edited by Andrew A. Stomberg, Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature, University of Minnesota. Augustana Book Concern, Rock Island, Illinois. 1914.

JONAS LIE: SELECTED STORIES AND POEMS. Edited with English Notes and Vocabulary, by I. Dorrum, M.A., Teacher of Norwegian Language and Literature at Park Region College. Minneapolis: The Free Book Concern. 1914.

The task of editing Scandinavian texts for English students is difficult, because there is not, as in the case of the French and German, any precedent to be used as a guide. The editor must not only understand the idioms of the text perfectly, but must have an intuitive divination of how they will strike the ear of American students, as well as a happy faculty of finding the English equivalent.

The two books whose titles are quoted above seem to be, on the whole, very successful. Professor Stomberg has chosen "Frithiof's Saga," of which he says that it "remains, in popular estimation at least, the grand national epic." The introduction gives the story of Tegnér's life and an estimate of his influence in awakening the national life in Sweden. Tegnér has been accused of softening the character of his hero and ascribing to him qualities almost Christian and not in keeping with saga ideals; the editor wisely quotes the poet's own reply to these accusations and does not attempt to pass judgment in the matter. The bibliography and the index to mythological terms, besides the full vocabulary and notes, add to the value of the book.

The selection of stories by Jonas Lie was almost a foregone conclusion. "Nordfjordhesten" is a peasant idyl as fresh and delightful as those of Björnson and more natural in its realism. It divides with "Slagter Tobias," which follows it in Mr. Dorrum's selection, the honor of being among the best short stories that Lie ever wrote, and he was a master of the short story.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION. By Ellen Key. Translated from the Swedish by Arthur G. Chater. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London, 1914.

Another volume of Ellen Key's work, the seventh in that uniform set which G. P. Putnam's Sons is issuing, bears witness to the eagerness with which her books are awaited on this side of the water. It is dedicated to Hjalmar Branting and Carl Lindhagen, two prominent Socialists of Sweden, and it states for the first time Miss Key's attitude toward the Socialist party. She has always been distrustful of the modern tendency to organize every thought and impulse, and, in fact, believes with Ibsen that the greatest value of women to modern public life is the fact that their individuality has not been stifled in any party machine. Nor does she advise any one to join the Social Democratic party, although she has arrived at the conviction that at present it contains the most earnest, even though fumbling efforts to assert an ideal in the face of dominant capitalism and militarism. She believes that the watchword of the social movement must be solidarity, and that this solidarity must begin with the class which is now deprived of its right to culture and happiness. The class war, though an evil in itself, she believes to be a phase through which modern society must pass before a new structure can be raised on a broad foundation of justice. The leveling tendency of Socialism does not appeal to her when it would hamper the growth of the individual, but at present she believes the greatest need of humanity to be the fertilizing of the vast desert of the proletariat; the stronger and more fortunate individuals, whom she compares with the trees, are in no danger of being stifled by that lower growth which must transform the desert into a meadow.

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW. The Significance of Past and Present Immigration to the American People. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin. Illustrated with many photographs. New York: The Century Company. 1914. Price \$2.40 net.

This series of essays on the various immigrant groups of the United States has for its object the rousing of the American people to a sense of the menace of unrestricted immigration. It is in the main just and written without bitterness, but also without sympathy. Professor Ross contends, first, that the immigrants now arriving are so far behind our twentieth century civilization that their presence will seriously retard our progress, and, secondly, that the crossing of types which diverge beyond a certain limit must produce what Herbert Spencer calls a "chaotic constitution."

The latter danger he finds not present among British, Scandinavians, and Germans, who are so nearly allied to the native Americans that marriage with them is only a reblending of kindred types. Nor does he believe that they seriously retard development, for although they represent the brawn rather than the brain of their race, there is compensation in their sturdy moral and physical fiber and their capacity for self-government.

In the coming of the Slavs, and even more in the hybrid "black Portuguese" and the Asiatic and African people who swarm to our shores, he sees a real menace. They bring with them lower standards, a fluctuating labor class, contempt for women, illiteracy, and corrupt politics.

It is impossible to quarrel with the facts which Professor Ross presents so convincingly, impossible to doubt that the turgid stream of Asiatic and African immigration should be stopped. One may perhaps quarrel with his attitude toward his facts and his omission of other facts. He ignores or disapproves of the institutions built up with great sacrifice by immigrant groups in the United States; the parochial schools and the foreign press and organizations are to him only promoters of ignorance and clannishness.

The REVIEW last July quoted from Mr. Carl Hansen's history of the Norwegian-American press before the Civil War to the effect that the Norwegians gave a larger proportion of their numbers to the Northern army than any other racial group in the United States, not even excepting the native Americans. This eagerness to serve their adopted country Mr. Hansen attributes to the editorials in the early Norwegian-American newspapers, which elucidated American politics to the newcomer. The present-day large and influential Scandinavian papers continue the same work, and almost without exception breathe a spirit of American patriotism. If immigrants *now* are sometimes dazed by the newness of American conditions, what would they have been without the interpretative work of their own press?

Among the Germans, and to a lesser degree the Scandinavians, the parochial schools follow the church. They teach English, American history and American ideas of responsible liberty. The mere presence of a spiritual ideal strong enough to make poor immigrants tax themselves in order that their children shall have religious instruction six days in the week instead of one ought to be recognized as an asset to the nation. Moreover, the churches, charities, and mutual benefit societies of the immigrant groups care for their own needy instead of burdening the State.

Exception may also be taken to the writer's contention that the increasing sterility of the native American stock is due to the presence of the superfecund immigrant and the consequent lowering of wages. The plains of the West, he says, will be conquered by the child-bearing woman of the Slavs. The causes of American sterility are, no doubt, far more subtle and deep-seated, and for how long can legislation protect a race that has ceased to multiply against the onrush

of the teeming nations where women are still patiently carrying the burden of Eve?

Professor Ross marshals many witnesses, but they are all people speaking about the immigrant; none are immigrants speaking for themselves. This may be the reason why the sum of ideals, aspirations, enthusiasms, and emotions that make up the soul of a race seem to have escaped him. Yet these also must be counted in an estimate of the contribution of the immigrant. H. A. L.

Brief Notes

Mr. Otto Morgenstjerne, secretary of the department of justice in Norway, has published in *Nordisk Tidsskrift for Strafferet* the result of a tour of the American prisons. He writes very optimistically and appreciatively of the American institutions of parole, probation, indeterminate sentence, and juvenile courts, all of which embody the principle of reforming the prisoner rather than punishing or merely segregating him according to the idea still held in Europe.

Mr. Axel Teisen, of the Philadelphia bar, is an active contributor to law journals on both sides of the water. The lawyers' magazine, *Case and Comment*, for December, is a "Foreign Courts Number," in which an article on "Courts and Practice in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden," by Mr. Teisen, occupies a leading place.

The *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Danish-American Association appears for November in a special number devoted to Georg Brandes. Mr. C. H. W. Hasselriis has gathered the interviews and speeches occasioned by the visit of the noted critic in this country and has woven them together in a continuous narrative.

The posthumous poems of Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, published by her friend, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, with a foreword by Maren Michelet, intensify our regret that this gifted woman in her lifetime was so little known among the Scandinavians. The numerous pictures of the author in the woods or at the seashore show her a true Wergeland, not only in her poetic fervor, but in her love of nature.

The Augustana Book Concern has undertaken a praiseworthy task in publishing a series of the works of Swedish-American authors. The first volume is a collection of stories and verse by the popular writer, Oliver A. Linder, editor of *Svenska-Amerikanaren Hemlandet*.

Paa glemt veie, by Paal Mörck, printed by the Augsburg Publishing House in Minneapolis, is a story of the life of Norwegian pioneers on the Dakota prairies and is deeply tinged with a religious spirit.

A few copies of the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS have been bound in flexible leather by the Elverhøj Colony at Milton-on-Hudson; also "The Voyages of the Norsemen." The price of each "Classic" in this binding is four dollars; of the "Voyages" nine dollars.

Bulletin of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

To be Posted in Libraries and Colleges

I—STIPENDS FOR STUDY IN SCANDINAVIA FOR THE YEAR 1915-16

The Foundation offers a limited number of Scholarships for American students desiring to go abroad for study in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. In 1914-15 six of these Scholarships were granted, with stipends ranging from \$250 to \$500. Applications must be made on printed forms, which will be mailed on request by the Secretary of the Foundation. Scholars are appointed in May, but all application papers must reach the Secretary of the Foundation on or before April 1, on which date applications will be closed.

[NOTE—A Scandinavian student desirous of study in America must apply to the Advisory Committee of the Foundation in the country in which he or she resides before December 1. Six such appointments are made annually, with the rank of "Fellow of the Foundation" and stipends of \$750.]

II—STUDENT SECRETARIES

To college students in America who come from families of Scandinavian descent, the Foundation offers an agreeable means of meeting college expenses by working for the Foundation during the summer vacation as Field Secretaries. In the summer of 1914 one student earned in this way between three and four hundred dollars.

III—PRIZES

1. *A College Course:*

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW offers a Scholarship paying four hundred dollars for the academic year 1915-16 at any American college or university to the student who will during the coming summer secure five hundred new subscriptions to the REVIEW. For one thousand subscriptions the reward will be a Scholarship for two years.

2. *Fifty Dollars for A Christmas Story:*

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best Christmas story suitable for publication dealing with the life of descendants of Scandinavians in America. The story must be written in English and not exceed 3,500 words, and must be submitted on or before October 1, 1915.

Address all questions and correspondence to the Secretary,

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, N. Y.